VOL. CCXXI, No. 2877
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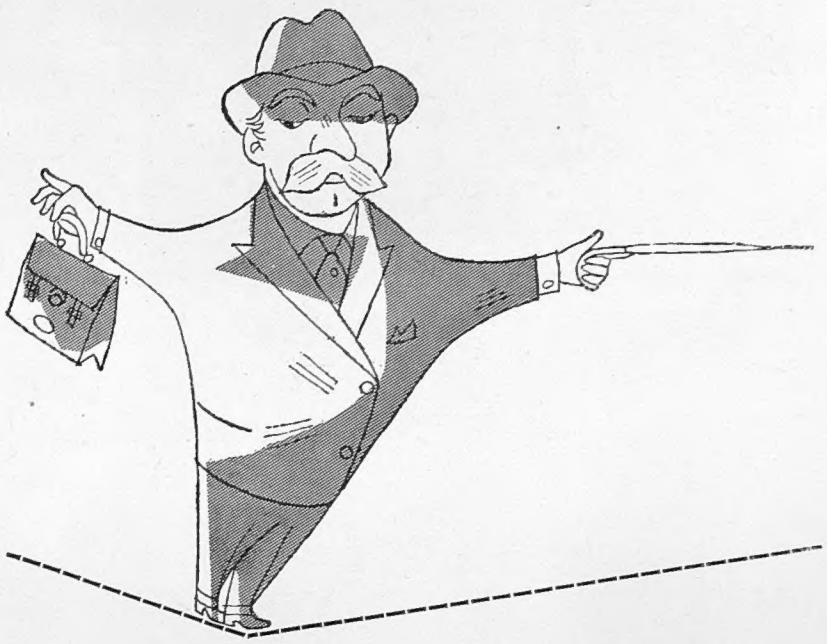

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British Insurance Offices

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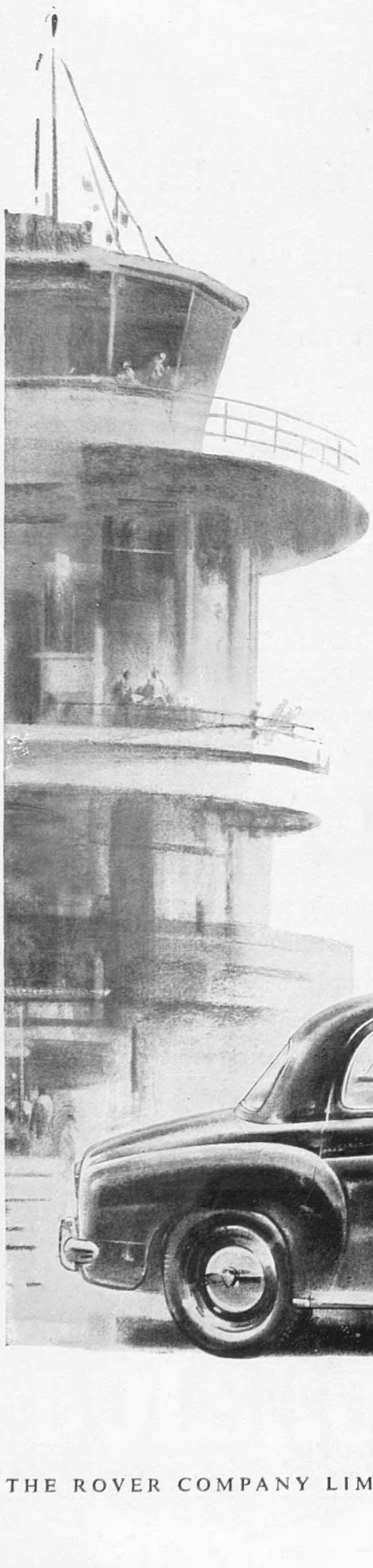

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Volume CCXXI No. 2877

The SPHERE, London, April 2, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

QUARE TIMES'S GRAND NATIONAL—THE IRISH-TRAINED WINNER TAKES BECHER'S BROOK THE FIRST TIME ROUND IN LAST WEEK'S RACE AT LIVERPOOL : Quare Times (10), ridden by P. Taaffe, landing on the other side of Becher's Brook. Also taking this formidable jump at Aintree are, from left, Steel Lock, E. S. B., seen falling, Moogie, and, coming up behind, Roman Fire. Quare Times won by twelve lengths from Tudor Line and Carey's Cottage.

When Quare Times romped home twelve lengths in front of Tudor Line in the murky drizzle of Aintree last Saturday a new Grand National record was set up. For the strong nine-year-old was trained by Mr. M. V. O'Brien, of Ireland, who has thus saddled three Grand National winners in a row, a hat-trick never before achieved in the history of the race. He adds to similar hat-tricks in the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the Champion Hurdle, achieved since the war. Quare Times is owned by Mrs. W. H. E. Welman, of Co. Westmeath, and was ridden by Pat Taaffe, a member of a famous Irish racing family, whose brother Tom finished third on Carey's Cottage. The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret saw thirty horses start and thirteen finish. Quare Times always showed up prominently, lying about fifth at the end of the first circuit. With him at Becher's the second time round were Sundew, the Queen Mother's M'as-tu-vu, and Carey's Cottage, with Tudor Line, second last year, in a prominent position, and actually taking the lead four fences from home. But Pat Taaffe quickly took his mount into the lead and, with a finishing speed none of his rivals could match, Quare Times became an easy winner of the race. (Further pictures of the Grand National appear on pages 8-9.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO

THE NIGHT SENTINELS OF ST. PETERSBURG—THE DVORNIKS OR HOUSEKEEPERS: The caption to this drawing by Paul Thiriat, published in THE SPHERE, April 1, 1905, stated: "The dvorniks are a great institution in Russia. You cannot readily be attacked in the street late at night, for each house has its dvornik or sentinel. If anything is wrong he whistles for the other dvorniks to help him. It is very curious to see them outside the houses they have to watch. Many of them sleep standing up."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

SIXTY YEARS OF THE NATIONAL TRUST

James Lees-Milne Describes the Trust's Spectacular Growth in an Article Illustrated with Photographs of its Varied Properties

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Sir Winston Decides.—At the time of writing, "what's to come is still unsure." Those in Fleet Street who believe that "in delay there lies no plenty," expected the announcement of the Premier's retirement to be made on April 4, after his dinner to the Queen and just before his Sicilian Vespers. Sir Anthony would take over, the Budget would be opened and the Government would go to the country in June. But what (as Pilate asked) is Truth? More sober journals did indeed accept the smoke as fire and were satisfied that Sir Anthony would assume the Premiership before Sir Winston left for Sicily, but refused to accept June (an unpopular month for such business) as the General Election month. The Budget might not be cleared away, and the autumn would do better. The "live-wire" Press columnists have already made up Sir Anthony's Cabinet for him for the remaining weeks of this Parliament and even for the next! My role is more pedestrian. I don't have to prophesy. My job is delayed-action commentary, and perhaps my intervention may yet be deferred until October. But who knows? When all the Press accepts a rumour, the rumour is usually somewhere near the truth. Fleet Street has decided that Sir Winston is to remain in the Commons, a private Member and an invaluable counsellor. How the dickens do they *know*? That was what puzzled Prince George (afterwards George V) when a Victorian columnist announced that he was tattooed all over his skin. I suppose there have always been valets ready to sell what they know. And did you know that the phrase "What the dickens . . ." was used by Shakespeare and had no connection with "Boz"?

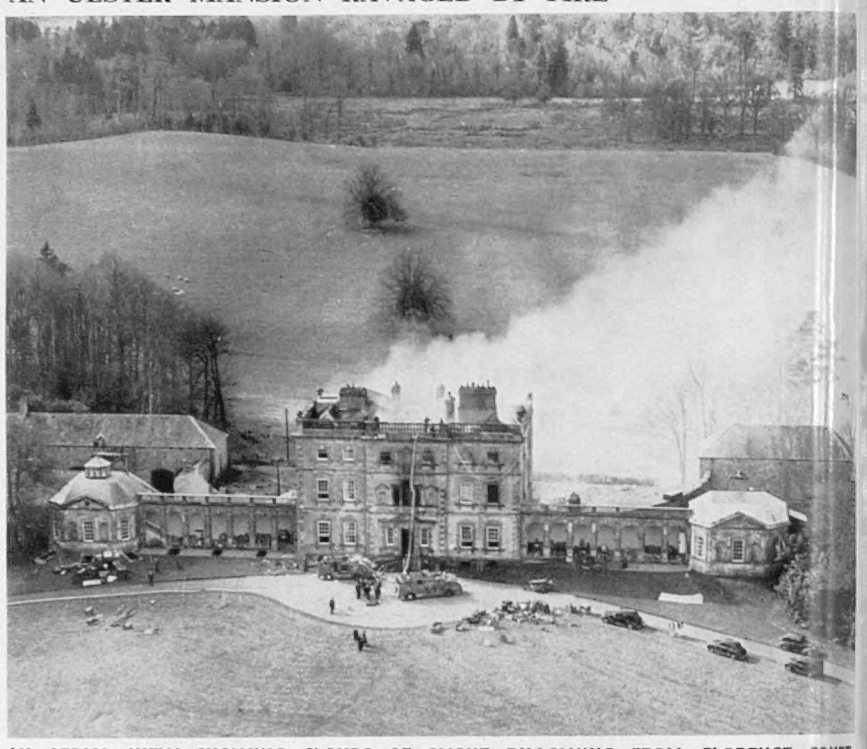
Payment Deferred.—Mr. Attlee, faithful to his mission to hold his awkward squad together, by an ingenious formula deferred the decision, to expel or not to expel Mr. Bevan, for one week. In that time a special committee of the National Executive was to interview Mr. Bevan and report back their opinion whether or no Mr. Bevan would promise (and keep his promise) to be a good boy and obey the rules. Mr. Attlee was one of the eight members of the committee, which included Mr. Gaitskell, some T.U. representatives and one declared Bevanite. It is difficult at the time of writing to judge whether, if Mr. Bevan made his submission and avoided expulsion, the Party would be better placed for the General Election. It is beautifully split on the question of expulsion, and the papering-over of one split seems likely to open up another: Messrs. Morrison and Gaitskell were strong in the opposite camp when Mr. Attlee put forward his compromise, which was accepted by a single vote. It was Mr. Attlee who saved the man who the day before had "warned" him of the possible consequences of expulsion, including a possible issue of privilege. I cannot imagine a more awkward and difficult moment for Mr. Attlee and have no means of knowing whether the expedient he adopted can benefit the Party, can "save" Mr. Bevan or pull Mr. Attlee out of the toils which are wound round him. Certain it is that, unless Mr. Bevan achieves a rare transmutation, his promise to be a good boy will be worth only the paper which is pasted over this split.

A Bomb Splinter.—If indeed we enter now on a feverish season of domestic politics, Cabinet-making and General Elections, then the burning topics of late will fade out, and for a few weeks we shall worry ourselves less about the moral and political issues of making and using the H-bomb. I have studied the form of the pros and cons, and none of them have laid much stress on what seems to me the real source of the trouble. Does not the West regard this weapon as its only available means of making good its deficit of 50 per cent. against the East in the number of available divisions armed for conventional warfare? As of old, we call in the new to redress the balance of the old. But is there not some trace remaining of the national hypocrisy once charged against us if, however distastefully, we accept this substitute for more energetic national service?

A National Wage Structure.—Most days of the week we hear of some body of workers receiving a handsome increase in wages, and for my part I subscribe to the principle that a labourer is worthy of his hire, if he is *worth* hiring. The business of implementing this principle has of late gone on merrily. Last year 10,000,000 men added in wage increases £150,000,000 a year to the cost of production, and the buying public shouldered its big share. This year the same increase has already been reached, and the new increases in prices to the public of goods and services they must pay for are heavy enough. I echo the parrot-cry, "a vicious spiral"; but nothing printed or spoken by experts lightens my ignorance. I hear of new wage structures for particular industries and wonder whether our real need is not a *national* wage structure, a root-and-branch investigation into the reasons for startling differences in the wage rates in different industries and an investigation into what to-day are the necessities of life and how much money a week will enable a worker to enjoy them free from anxiety. Such an investigation might resolve some of my puzzles: why is it possible for boys of eighteen in certain industries to earn £12 a week when the basic rate for old, experienced hands in other industries is even now below £8? How many of the amenities which the average worker to-day regards as necessities (money for pools, dogs, football, TV sets, motor-bikes, cinemas, and so on) are accepted as such by authority? And are not many of them direct incentives to do less work—a vicious spiral within a spiral? Again, is it now accepted that workers unfortunate enough to serve a nationalised industry which cannot work at a profit are as much entitled to pay increases as are workers in a business making handsome profits? It is hard on them, no doubt, if the principle is not yet generally recognised but, by and large, there is no evidence to hand that universal justice has been attained as yet in our Welfare State. Nor can there be until a working definition is reached on what fields of labour are beneficial to the nation. There must be some such fields not calculated purely in terms of benefit to trade and budget-balancing, even if we eliminate religion, the arts, literature and such.

Vicious Spirals.—The weekly average pay-packet has now passed £10 a week, £500 a year. It is welcome news. But it is the Exchequer which enjoys most of the benefit by taxation. This third spiral confuses me most of all. The taxpayer bears the cost of pay increases not only in its bankrupt national industries. These increases are granted with no guarantee on the other side to work harder or produce more. We pay more for our coal and our fares and our food, but we don't see in tax relief the colour of the Exchequer's new money, and the workers' bonus is often spent on more of those "necessities" which remain for you and me as remote dreams of luxury as ever. If there were an agreed definition of necessities, there might be less social competition, and more of the increases would be saved. We are, I believe, now approaching a time when the ratio of non-workers will increase in an ageing population. It certainly does not look likely that the citizen who pays for but does not benefit from wage increases will receive

AN ULSTER MANSION RAVAGED BY FIRE



AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BILLOWING FROM FLORENCE COURT, HOME OF THE EARLS OF ENNISKILLEN, IN COUNTY FERMANAGH: During the fire, which occurred last week, two floors of the mansion were badly damaged. About fifty firemen, police and neighbours saved most of the valuable collection of paintings by carrying them from the building and stacking them under a covered terrace. Furniture, carpets and books were thrown from the windows on to the lawn. Florence Court, which was given to the National Trust last year, is a three-storeyed building in the Georgian style. It was restored and redecorated with funds provided by the Government of Northern Ireland.

obliquely from the Chancellor a small dividend from his harvest from increased income-tax. If that deprival were the price to be paid for social justice on a national scale, we might grin and bear it. As things stand at present, the grin won't come.

Yalta Again.—It is sometimes whispered, not without excuse, that America, the greatest power on earth and leader of the West, has come to her unique position and trusteeship imperfectly practised in the arts of diplomacy. The fact that her democracy is more clamant, more powerful, more real, than ours, in part no doubt prevents her from exercising the diplomatic restraint which the times call for. Certainly in America confidential information given into responsible hands gets into the Press quicker than in England. The publication of the vast mass of papers covering the Yalta Conference—which we remember from a famous photograph depicting three blood-brothers apparently in perfect unity and harmony in a time of fearful crisis—has caused some consternation and a lot of irritation in England, and no doubt in France and elsewhere. Where is that party now? Only Sir Winston survives, and he must echo "Save me from my friends." The situation at the time of Yalta was dangerous enough, although Hitler's term was clearly drawing to its end and the prospect of Japan surviving for another year was perhaps exaggerated. But these three men met to concert measures for survival, and what they said "off the record" at those tense meetings, when any cause of offence, one against another, had to be carefully avoided, and conciliation was an obvious necessity, was surely not meant for release within fifty years. You may answer that much of it *had* leaked out in the memoirs of persons concerned or closely in touch. But political memoir-writers and blabbers, though given high authority by the reading public, are even to-day not accorded complete chapter-and-verse credence, and much of what leaked out had been forgotten or given the benefit of the doubt as gossip or hearsay. The printed record is another matter. It is difficult to accept as a valid excuse for publication (at a time when national feeling is acutely sensitive to slights, and unity in the West is so vital for world safety) the party-political desire to discredit Roosevelt, who was moribund during the Conference; and any other reason for publication seems to be as stupid as it is disloyal to an ally and strong friend of America. This at least was an atomic explosion which need not have taken place to bedevil the political barometer all over the world. It seems that the State Department did not consult the President before release, and Mr. Dulles certainly did not express enthusiasm for the noise it made in America. A curious sidelight on American politics at home and abroad.

Pests.—Pests cover a variety of creatures, biped or quadruped or even legless, from gossip-writers to grey squirrels and adders. The only active anti-pest officers in Government employ are chiefly concerned with trapping down grey squirrels and other creatures regarded as the enemies of agriculture, horticulture, forestry, and so on. I doubt if they are very satisfied with progress or clear in their minds as to what their chief enemies are. I am pretty sure that the little roe which is being exterminated rapidly in the farmers' indiscriminate attacks on fallow deer, foxes, and roe, is no enemy to forestry and a trivial offender to farmers and gardeners. This charming little native deer is doomed to a lingering death from sheer ignorance, with official encouragement. The pest officers cannot claim glory for exterminating the rabbit. They cannot feel very happy about the grey squirrel, despite the money prizes paid out. If a single small landowner gives up the campaign for only a year, all the neighbouring woods are re-peopled as at the peak period. The campaign for extermination is getting us nowhere. It is the same with magpies and jays. Nothing can liquidate or even reduce them. The other day I counted fifty-seven magpies happily feeding in a small field, and the jays are more abundant than ever.

Litter.—Will the anonymous poet who sent to me at my London club a postcard bearing the following couplet send me his name and address, when he will hear something to his advantage. His postcard was marked "Duns, Berwickshire." He has no reason to be ashamed of his poetry. Unlike most modern verse, it was intelligible and metrical, and it rhymed. It ran:

> "Prosecution cured the spitter.
> Can't we do the same with litter?"

I don't criticise the poem from a literary angle. I question the premise. Was it prosecution which cured spitting in public streets and vehicles? I doubt it. I think it was public opinion and better tobacco which curtailed the beastly habit. I see no signs that prosecution will cure the litter fiends. I doubt if the new examples of "tasteful" litter-baskets will gently hint to the public that broken glass and snowstorms of newsprint and cartons represent a fashion no less beastly than spitting and are disliked by a minority of the public. I crossed Frensham Common the other day. Some fiend or fool had set it alight. It was a blackened, smouldering area. A great deal of paper had been burned up, no doubt, but a 6-ft.-wide rim of glittering, broken glass still ringed the great pond and made access to the water's edge dangerous. I have been a magistrate for thirty years but no prosecution for creating "litter" even came before my Benches. The minority which loathes litter is too small to raise its voice in condemnation of this national vice, this indecent assault on Mother Nature. Duns Scotus himself seeks refuge in anonymity.

THE OLD STAGER

PROGRESS ON THE NEW TERMINAL BUILDINGS AT LONDON AIRPORT

THE NEW HEART OF LONDON AIRPORT IS NEARING COMPLETION: This aerial photograph was taken from a helicopter hovering over the new Central Control Area, and shows the three new buildings, two of which are to be opened later this month. In the foreground is the control tower, and beyond, the Passenger Handling building. At the top left is the South-East Apex building, which is still in an early stage of construction.

The opening this month of two of the three new buildings now under construction at London Airport will mark a major step in the modernisation and expansion of Britain's air terminus. Of the two buildings, the most important from the flying viewpoint is the control tower. From this building the movement of all aircraft in the air and on the ground will be controlled, and also the movement of vehicles in the operative area of the airport. The present control tower is situated at the northern edge of the airfield. The Passenger Handling building will deal with all passengers using the short-haul European services, and will contain Customs offices, restaurants and shops. Part of the roof of this building will be used as a public enclosure next year, when the South-East Apex building is completed. The roof of this building will contain the main public enclosure. When these are completed, work will start on another building for long-haul services. Eventually, all operations will be conducted from the central area.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CENTRAL AREA: This shows the air side of the Passenger Handling building. In the foreground are two B.E.A. liners—a Dakota and a Viscount. B.E.A. is one of the European operators who will use the building. Top right is the control tower and bottom right is a corner of the S.E. Apex building.

THIS YEAR'S RACE IS RUN IN A HEAVY DOWNPOUR: What remains of the field of thirty is seen hurrying on its way after taking Becher's Brook first time round. On th ground, wearing checked colours, is J. Dowdeswell, whose mount, Roman Fire, was brought down by E.S.B. E.S.B.'s rider, T. Cusack, is seen turning a somersau The Grand National was run in heavy rain and a smaller crowd than usual watched. The Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret were present to see th Queen Mother's horse M'as-u vu run. After going well i most of the race, M'as-tu-v fell four fences from hom Quare Times, ridden by P Taaffe and trained in Irelan by M. V. O'Brien, won by twelv lengths. His starting price wa 100—9. Second was Tudo Line (G. Slack), 10—1, and fou lengths away, third, can another Irish horse, Carey Cottage (T. Taaffe), 20— Despite the bad condition thirteen of the starters finishe

A GRAND NATIONAL IN THE RAIN

Quare Times Wins th Race at Aintree, Live pool, in a Steady Dow pour and Under the Mo Gruelling Conditions

On left—
E.S.B. BRINGS DOWN ROM FIRE: A more detailed vie of the incident at Becher first time round, a later sta of which is seen above. E.S. and T. Cusack are already the ground, and J. Dowdesw on Roman Fire cannot preve his mount from falling on t of them after taking the jum At the right (16) is the Que Mother's horse, M'as-tu-v ridden by A. Freeman. Gol past the fallen horse on t left is No Response (D. Anc who fell later in the ra

AN EASY WINNER : Quare Times passes the winning-post twelve lengths ahead of his nearest rivals. He is followed by a riderless horse, and behind him are, left, Tudor Line, who finished second, and, on the rails, Carey's Cottage, who was third. Tudor Line, who was second last year, again had every chance to win, but a series of bad mistakes probably cost him the race.

WINNING WAS AN IRISH AFFAIR : The owner, Mrs. W. H. E. Welman, who comes from Co. Westmeath, leads in Quare Times after the race. Holding the horse at left is Mr. M. V. O'Brien, the trainer, who has now saddled the Grand National winner for three successive years. In the saddle is P. Taaffe.

CASUALTIES AT THE FIRST FENCE : Clearing is down, and Blue Envoy, seen taking the jump at the extreme right, his rider wearing a black jersey, fell a few seconds later. Also seen are Little Yid, on the far side, followed by Early Mist ; Munster King, in the foreground, followed by Another Rake (25), Carey's Cottage (12), Red Rube (19) ; and, taking the fence, Gentle Moya and Royal Tan.

THUNDERING HOOVES PASS THE STRICKEN FIELD : Horses and riders lie on the ground beyond Becher's as their more fortunate rivals go past. The comparatively large proportion of horses finishing the race may be due to the fact that some of the jumps on the Grand National course were made a little easier this year. Nevertheless, the bad weather and the stiff Aintree fences combined to make the race a gruelling test of stamina from which the horses emerged with great credit.

ONE SECOND OUTSIDE THE RECORD: It was a thrilling race to Hammersmith Bridge, where Cambridge, on the left, led by a matter of feet. The time was one second outside the record. After this the unexpected happened. Oxford, with the advantage of the bend still in their favour, could not keep up the pace and Cambridge went steadily ahead to win by sixteen lengths.

CAMBRIDGE TRIUMPH

The Light Blues Win the 101st Boat Race by 16 Lengths After a Close and Thrilling Contest Over the First Half of the Course

There was no evidence from the form in training that Cambridge would triumph as comfortably as they did. The pundits forecast it would be "anybody's race," with the odds slightly in favour of Oxford.

The Dark Blues won the toss and chose the Surrey station, with the benefit of the long central bend. They led at the start and soon shot half a length ahead. But the Light Blues, under the magnificent generalship of their stroke, Muirhead, were level at the Mile. From there to the Two-Mile point it was a ding-dong struggle, promising a thrilling finish. Then Muirhead, with the bend still against him, put in a fantastic spurt and Oxford cracked. The heavier weight of the Light Blues undoubtedly helped them in the rough conditions of the latter half of the course, but they thoroughly deserved their sixteen lengths verdict by their skill, drive, oarsmanship and imagination.

AN UNHAPPY END FOR OXFORD: The Dark Blues are rowed out at the finish. They had led soon after the start, but Cambridge were level at the Mile. Oxford were the lighter crew, undoubtedly, which did not help them in the rough conditions of the second half.

THE LIGHT BLUES PASS THE WINNING POST, WITH THEIR OPPONENTS OUT OF SIGHT: Their victory was a personal triumph for A. R. Muirhead, their stroke. He showed brilliant judgement over the whole course. The Cambridge win was also notable because during training they had suffered misfortune through illness. D. K. Hill, the President, had only recovered from chicken pox a week before the race and returned to take the place of bow, who had contracted the infection.

Out Horizontally and Up Vertically

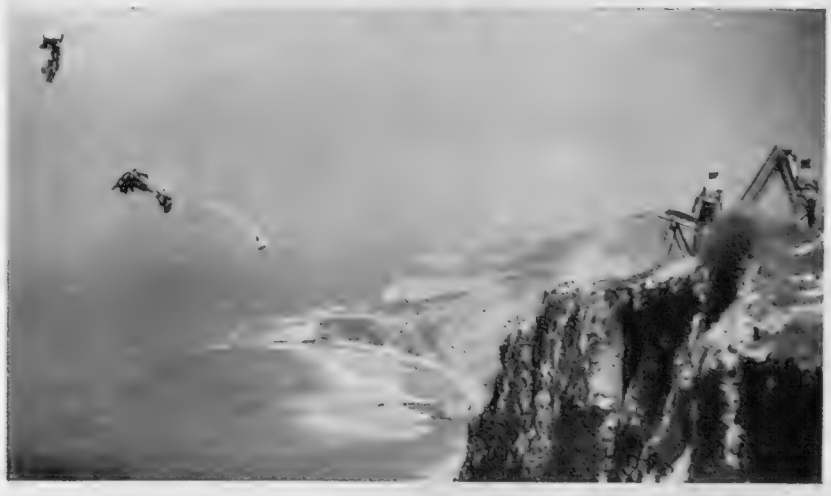
Developments in Ejection Seats; and Helicopters in France and the United States of America

A TURBINE-DRIVEN HELICOPTER FLIES IN FRANCE: The Sud Est 3130 Alouette II is seen alighting after its maiden flight, which was made from Buc Airfield, near Paris. This helicopter, which can seat five people and cruise at over 100 m.p.h., is powered by a Turbomèca Artouste II turbine engine, which develops 360 h.p. The 3130 is a development of the smaller Alouette I, which first flew in mid-1952. This aircraft set up several records, including a duration flight of 13 hrs. 56 mins.

A SIDEWAYS EMERGENCY EXIT FOR STRAIGHT-UP AIRCRAFT: United States naval technicians testing an ejection seat specially designed for use in vertical take-off aircraft. Here, a dummy pilot is seen strapped in the special seat, which was rigged up on the cliff-edge at Torrey Pines, California. The seat is tilted at approximately the same angle as it would be during a vertical take-off. The United States Navy's two V.T.O. experimental planes, the Lockheed XFV-1 and the Convair XFY-1, stand upright on their tails for take-off. This position, coupled with an almost complete absence of true forward movement and the low altitudes at which the seat would be used, have posed some problems for designers. The seat seen here is designed to throw the pilot outwards and upwards at the same time. The design is further complicated because the pilot must also be able to use the seat when flying horizontally.

AN AERIAL MOTOR-CYCLE—THE "HELIVECTOR" MAKES ITS DEBUT: *Above and below*—**Two views of this unorthodox helicopter as it is put through its paces in America. Designed by Mr. Lewis C. McCarthy, of Westchester County, New York, the "Helivector" is claimed to have a top speed of some 90 m.p.h. The lifting and forward propulsion is by two contra-rotating blades placed below the pilot's stand and the aircraft appears to be controlled merely by tilting the rotors in the direction of flight.** Flying technique is said to be so simple that any person can fly—the main lesson to be learnt is that the pilot must not step out while the rotors are in motion. The United States Navy has asked for a number of these aircraft to be built. The "Helivector" is seen by its makers, Aero Affiliates Limited, of Fort Worth, Texas, as a landing-barge replacement.

Above—**THE DUMMY PILOT AND ITS SEAT ARE EJECTED FROM THE LAUNCHING RAMP, WHICH REPRESENTS THE AIRCRAFT: The seat can be seen falling away from the pilot to lighten the load his parachute will have to carry.** *Below*—**The dummy is finally separated from its seat and the parachute begins to open. This is achieved by means of the nylon rope, which can be seen in the picture.**



Charity Customs

The Tichborne Dole in Hampshire; and the Lady Mervyn Charity in Berkshire

Last week at the Tichborne family home near Alresford, Hampshire, Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne and members of his family took part in the annual ceremony of the distribution of the Tichborne Dole. Sacks of flour were stacked in the porch and after a blessing, the contents were distributed to local people. According to a legend the Tichborne Dole has been given since the time of Henry II, when from her death-bed Lady Mabel Tichborne pleaded with her husband, Roger, to give annually the produce of a small portion of his estate to the poor. He was reluctant to do this, but agreed to give the value of the acres she could encompass while holding a flaming torch. Rising from her bed, Lady Mabel crawled round 23 acres, and then charged her husband and his heirs to give the dole every year. If they failed, she prophesied seven sons would be born to the house, followed by a generation of seven daughters, and then the name of Tichborne would die and the manor house would fall. The dole was distributed for 644 years, until it was stopped by magistrates who said it was being abused by vagabonds. Sir Henry Tichborne, who was then living, had seven sons, the house fell down, and seven daughters were born to the heir. Sir Henry's third son, Edward, later reinstituted the dole.

BLESSING THE TICHBORNE DOLE AT TICHBORNE PARK, IN HAMPSHIRE: The family chaplain, Monsignor J. M. Clarke, is seen conducting the ceremony before the annual distribution of the flour in the porch at Tichborne House. With the priest are Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne (holding the thurible) and two of Sir Anthony's daughters, Anne (seventeen) and Denise (five). Last year, the ceremony of blessing the flour was performed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth.

On left—

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLOUR: Sir Anthony's two daughters help him in his task of allotting the flour. The distribution takes place each year on Lady Day (Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary).

DISTRIBUTING THE LADY MERVYN CHARITY AT UFTON COURT, IN THE BERKSHIRE VILLAGE OF UFTON NERVET, NEAR READING: A villager receives loaves of bread as part of the charity, which dates back over 370 years. For this ceremony the villagers file into the grounds of Ufton Court (*on left*) and wait until the Rector, the Rev. S. E. Chavasse, appears at a window and calls their names from the parish register. He then hands them loaves of bread and articles of household linen. Lady Mervyn was married, first, to Richard Perkins, owner of the Court, who died in 1560, and later (1562) to Sir John Mervyn, who died in 1566. She continued to live in Ufton Court and apparently bought it for her life from her first husband's nephew, Francis Perkins, in 1568. By that time she had also become Patron of the Living. Lady Mervyn died in 1581 and decreed in her will that a part of her estate should be set aside to provide bread and linen "for the poore of Ufton" every year. Ufton Court is now occupied by Major Smythe-Osbourne.

THE QUEEN SEES ART STUDENTS AT WORK : During Her Majesty's visit to the Royal Academy Schools at Burlington House, London, students carried on with their work in the classrooms. With the Queen, on the left in this picture, is Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., the Keeper of the Royal Academy.

The Queen had two engagements in London last week which attracted much attention. Her visit to the Royal Academy Schools in Burlington House was a historic occasion. Possibly it was the first time a British Sovereign had been to the Schools, for it is not certain that they were ever visited by King George III, their founder. On her arrival the Queen was presented with a red rose by Professor Richardson, the President of the Royal Academy, and then with him and Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A., and one or two others, she went round the classrooms. In the library the Queen saw various relics, including Queen Victoria's paintbox and a pair of her spectacles. When she drove to the City for luncheon at the Drapers' Hall the Queen was honouring a Company of which she has been a member for eight years. But it was the first time she had lunched with them as Queen. All the others present were men, except for the Lady-in-Waiting.

Two Visits by the Queen

Her Majesty at the Royal Academy Schools at Burlington House and at the Drapers' Hall, in the City of London

HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PAINTBOX : At Burlington House the Queen is shown the paintbox which belonged to Queen Victoria. On right is Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A., and on left Mr. Rushbury.

AT THE DRAPERS' HALL : *Above*—The Queen plants a Mulberry tree outside the Hall to commemorate her visit. From left to right are—Mr. H. Chumbley, a Drapers' Company Attendant (holding the tree) ; Mr. Hugh Farmer, Clerk to the Company ; Colonel F. C. Stern, the Master (behind Her Majesty) ; and Mr. J. D. Castle, the Beadle. *On right*—Crowds of City workers gather outside the Hall to see the Queen leave after she has lunched with Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Drapers' Company. She has belonged to this Company for eight years.

Foreign News in Pictures

The Funeral of the King of Nepal

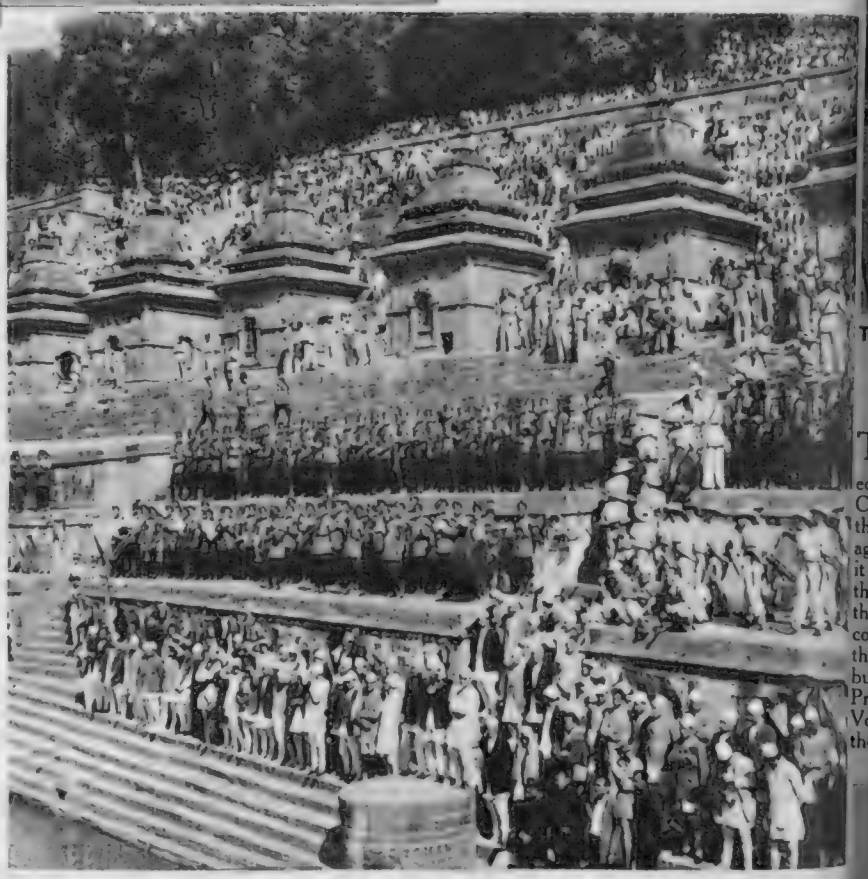
And a Survey of Recent Events in Other Parts of the World

Katmandu, the picturesque capital of Nepal, which became known throughout the world when Sir John Hunt's Everest expedition passed through in 1953, was the scene of an imposing Oriental funeral last month. The body of King Tribhuvana was cremated with all traditional ceremony by the banks of the sacred River Bhagmati, and as the smoke from the funeral pyre rose, the people of Nepal went into deep mourning. For thirteen days the men kept their heads shaved, ate only one meal a day, and wore cloth shoes, or none at all. Towards the end of this period the king's personal belongings were given away to a Brahmin priest.

King Tribhuvana, who died in Switzerland of a heart ailment at the age of forty-eight, had been on the throne of Nepal for all but five years of his life. Traditionally the King of Nepal reigned but did not rule, the power in the land being in the hands of the Rana family, who had established hereditary right to the office of Prime Minister. In 1950 the King took the first steps towards breaking that power by leaving the throne and returning only after constitutional reforms had been effected.

THE KING'S FUNERAL PYRE ON THE BANKS OF THE SACRED RIVER: The body of King Tribhuvana of Nepal is cremated by the banks of the sacred River Bhagmati, near Katmandu. Full honours were accorded to the late King, who had died at Zurich of a heart complaint, and whose body had been flown to Nepal. After the funeral the men of Nepal began the traditional thirteen-day period of deep mourning.

THE CEREMONIAL PROCESSION THAT FOLLOWED THE BODY OF NEPAL'S KING: Diplomatic representatives are flanked by troops during the procession which accompanied King Tribhuvana's body from the airport at Katmandu to the Pashupattinath shrine.



THE CAPITAL PAYS ITS LAST HOMAGE: The military band, soldiers, and the citizens of Katmandu assembled to pay tribute to the king, who had been on the throne since

On right—

A SPECIAL ASSISTANT ON DISARMAMENT IS APPOINTED IN WASHINGTON: Mr. Harold E. Stassen, left, receives congratulations on his new appointment from his deputy at the Foreign Operations Administration, Dr. D. A. Fitzgerald, and from his personal secretary, Mrs. Mildred Coleman. Mr. Stassen, who is at present Director of the F.O.A., was appointed by President Eisenhower to be Special Assistant on Disarmament, a unique post which is to carry Cabinet rank. The White House announcement of the appointment said that Mr. Stassen would take into account the full implications of new weapons now in the possession of other countries as well as the United States. It was also said that one of the considerations which weighed heavily with the President when making the appointment was that the sessions of the United Nations Disarmament Commission which are now taking place in London had "resulted in no progress and no clear thinking on this subject."

On right—

THE SON OF A RUSSIAN OFFICER IS GRANTED ASYLUM IN WEST BERLIN: Valery Alexandrovitch Lysikov, aged seventeen, was granted asylum by the United States authorities after fleeing from the East Zone of Berlin. Lysikov, whose father is a lieut.-colonel with a Russian Air Force transport regiment at Schoenfeld Airport, said that he had fled from the East Zone after being persecuted at home and at school for his pro-Western and unconformist behaviour." At a Press conference held in West Berlin, young Lysikov described his life as a fanatical Communist who punished him for his attitude to the Soviet regime. He was also criticised by the Young Communist groups in his schools. Lysikov claimed that he had seen anti-Soviet pamphlets in Russian, which were secretly distributed at a factory in Stalingrad. He also said that he listened to the broadcasts of the B.B.C. and the Voice of America. The American authorities rejected a Russian demand to return the boy to the East Zone.

FOUNDING A NEW MOSQUE AFTER TAKING OVER A BRITISH BASE AT SUEZ : Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Premier, laying the foundation-stone of the mosque at Shalloufa Barracks, in the Suez Canal Zone, after the base had been transferred from British control.

THE GOLD COAST'S VOLTA RIVER PROJECT GOES ON TOUR : The realistic model of the aluminium smelter near Kpong, which is part of the Gold Coast Government's Volta River Project. The plans for a dam and hydro-electric power station at Ajena, together with bauxite mines and the smelter, are now being shown to the people of the Gold Coast in a travelling exhibition.

The Volta River Hydro-Electric and Aluminium schemes, which promise to revolutionise the economic, social, and political structure of the Gold Coast, have caused considerable controversy since they were first made known more than two years ago. The project will cost up to £140,000,000, and it is inevitable that the overwhelming proportion of the capital will come from abroad, especially from the United Kingdom. Opposition to the scheme comes mainly from the fear that this would prejudice the newly-found independence of the Gold Coast, but progressive leaders like Mr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, have all along declared that the Volta scheme can bring nothing but prosperity to the State. Now the people of the country are being invited to see for themselves. Elaborate models of the proposed dam and power station at Ajena, of the bauxite mines planned for the hills west of Kumasi, and of the future aluminium smelter near Kpong have been prepared. These, together with maps, diagrams, and films showing how the Volta River Project would affect different parts of the country, and how similar schemes have succeeded in other parts of the world, form a travelling exhibition which is now touring the country. By the end of the year 2,613 miles will have been covered in visits to thirty-six main centres. As a result, Mr. Nkrumah hopes that voters and legislators will be in a better position to decide, when the time comes, whether the Volta scheme is desirable.

THE FIRST SUEZ ARMY BASE IS HANDED OVER TO EGYPT : Lieut.-Colonel Nasser is seen presenting a Command colour to an Egyptian Air Force officer. Immediately to the Prime Minister's right stands Major-General Abdel Hakim Amer, the Minister of War. This was part of the ceremonies arranged for the handing over of the first British Army base in Suez to the Egyptian authorities under the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement signed last October. Lieut.-Colonel Nasser hoisted the Egyptian flag at the Shalloufa Barracks, and then reviewed a parade by Egyptian military units. On the day before, the R.A.F. station at Deversoir was handed over. The ceremony at Shalloufa should have taken place a week before, but a sandstorm blew away the special review stands.

THE FRANCO-SAAR COMMERCIAL AGREEMENTS ARE SIGNED : M. Antoine Pinay, the French Foreign Minister, is watched, right, by Herr Johannes Hoffmann, the Chief Minister of the Saar, as he signs the agreement at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris.

On left—

The signing of the economic agreement between France and the Saar came as a welcome prelude to the debate on the ratification of the London and Paris agreements in the Council of the Republic, which began last week. The agreement covered the principal points of the convention of economic agreement between France and the Saar. It provided for the French share in ownership of the Saar's coal and steel industry, and the amount of trading between the Saar and Germany. It also ensured the preservation of the economic and customs union between the two countries.

THE BELGIAN RIOTS AGAINST THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS BILL : Two pictures from Louvain show the gendarmerie charging students who were rioting in protest against the proposal before the Belgian Parliament to cut Government subsidies to Roman Catholic schools. Three thousand Roman Catholic students and other rioters tore up paving stones in the ancient University town and used them as missiles against the police. Socialists armed with sticks marched from a meeting addressed by Ministers and clashed at several points with the students. On the following day police in Brussels used their truncheons to disperse several hundred students who tried to march through the capital. All Army and police leave was cancelled. The Bill for school reforms is proposed by the Socialist Minister of Education, M. Collard. It provides for a cut by 15 per cent. in the subsidies given by the State to Roman Catholic schools. Church authorities claim that the Bill would lead to many schools having to close down, and the bishops have declared the Bill to be anti-Catholic.

Listening In to Outer Space

The World's Largest Radio Telescope, Being Completed in Cheshire, Can Reach Heavenly Bodies 1,000 Times Beyond the Scope of the Biggest Optical Telescope

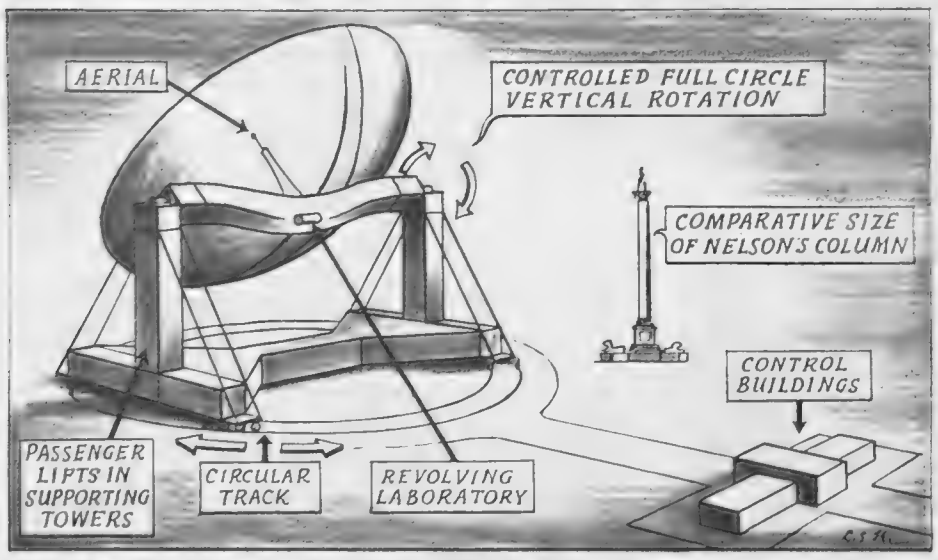
High above the green Cheshire countryside sta a series of steel towers, girders, and gia cranes. By the end of the year an enormous st bowl will be in position. This will be the work largest radio-telescope, at Jodrell Bank, which sponsored jointly by the Department of Industri and Scientific Research and the Nuffield Foun tion, and is operated by Manchester Univers

The radio-telescope is rather like a gi searchlight. The steel bowl, 250 ft. in diameter in the shape of a parabola, 62 ft. 6 ins. deep the centre. This is the main mirror, and it weigh 600 tons. It will be possible to tilt rotate it in any direction towards the ground sky. The nerve-centre of the telescope will b radio aerial capable of receiving radar waves wavelengths between 10 cm. and 30 metres. new radio-telescope will be the largest single inst ment ever made for scientific research, and it bri British research in this field of astronomy four five years ahead of research in the United Sta

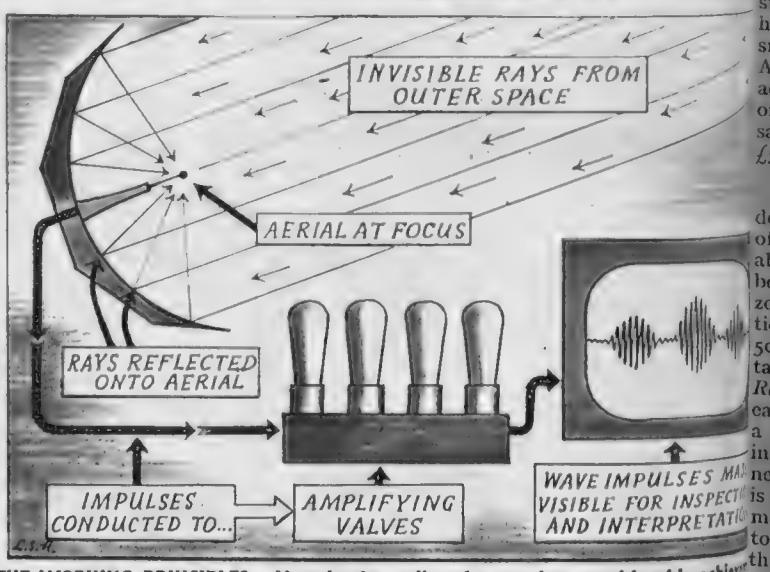
The need for such a large instrument has ari from the desire to measure and locate radio wa from outer space. These waves provide k ledge of the heavens complementary to t gained from optical telescopes. In particular, radio-telescope will be suitable for the study radio noises, or radio stars, which have discovered in large numbers since 1948. strange thing about these dark and faintly lumi objects which emit radio waves is that they ca at present be satisfactorily identified with vi objects. Furthermore, the radio-telescope have a great advantage over the optical tele in that it can penetrate through the sort of clouds in the heavens which obscure nearly the stars in the Milky Way.

Work of this nature has already been ca out at the radio-telescope establishment Manchester University, which is in exis at Jodrell Bank. Under the supervision Professor A. C. B. Lovell experiments have made with picking up the radio waves and coll the results. The radio-telescopes already se however, have only 1 per cent. of the power o one which is now being built, and as with o telescopes, the larger the instrument the g the penetration into the heavens.

BRITAIN'S GREAT RADIO-TELESCOPE STATION NEARS COMPLETION: At right is one of the two 185-ft. towers which will support the telescope when it is in position towards the end of this year. To the left is one of the cranes, 240 ft. high, which are being used in the construction of the telescope at Jodrell Bank, near Holmes Chapel, in Cheshire. Beyond are control buildings and other offices of Manchester University's radio astronomy station, while in the distance unroll the farmlands of the Cheshire plain. Immediately below the steel structure is part of the circular track on which the giant telescope will revolve. *On right*—Two of the twelve bogies, powered by electric motors, on the double-track railway at the base of the huge instrument. It is on these bogies that the radio-telescope will revolve full circle.



THE MAIN FEATURES OF THE RADIO-TELESCOPE: This diagrammatic impression shows how the telescope achieves vertical rotation by pivoting on the supporting towers. The laboratory which contains the first amplifying valve is like a carriage on the big wheel at a fairground: it remains level as the aerial inside the bowl rotates.



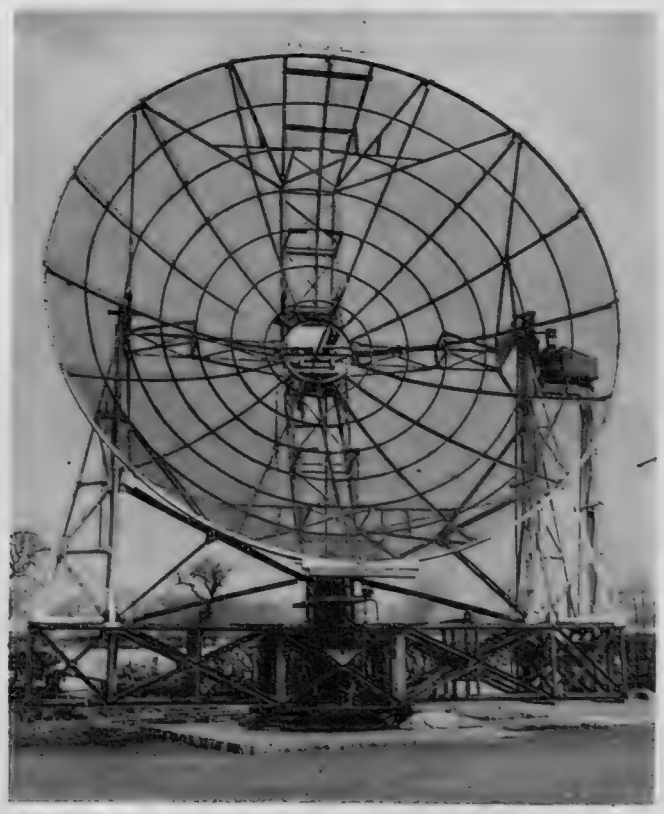
THE WORKING PRINCIPLES: Already the radio-telescope has considerable achieve to its credit. Only last week radiations from an invisible aurora boreal detected by the instrument. The noise of colliding nebulæ 100,000,000 ligh away has been recorded, a distance easily within the reach of the radio-tele

A £500,000 PROJECT IN THE MAKING—THE HUGE STRUCTURE WHICH WILL ENABLE ASTRONOMERS TO PIN-POINT RADIO WAVES FROM OUTER SPACE: Some idea of the gigantic nature of the radio-telescope can be gauged from this picture, which shows visitors approaching the 185-ft. towers. The telescope's mirror will be 285 ft. wide. The concrete runway at the foot of the towers would just fit into Trafalgar Square. With the aid of the new radio-telescope astronomers will be able to trace the waves of objects in the sky up to 1,000 times further than the present largest telescope for optical astronomy, that at Palomar, in the United States.

The new radio-telescope can record 500 to 1,000 times more than the 200-inch Mount Palomar telescope, the largest optical instrument in the world. Apart from its invaluable work on radio stars, the radio-telescope will also be able to study meteors, the moon, the aurora borealis, and the complex relationships between events on the sun and the disturbances in the earth's ionosphere. Professor Lovell hopes that it will bring the planets and the whole vast field of extra-galactic studies within reach. "Given enough money," he has said, "we could detect an object even as small as an aircraft as far away as the moon." And he has said that he could build an even more accurate instrument the same size as the present one, given the very large amount of money necessary. The present telescope will cost altogether £500,000.

The Jodrell Bank radio-telescope has been designed, and is being built, under the supervision of Mr. H. C. Husband, and is in itself a considerable engineering feat. The great steel bowl will be carried on two towers so as to pivot on a horizontal axis 180 ft. above the ground. The elevation of the mirror will be made possible by four 50-h.p. electric motors geared to circular racks taken from the gun-turrets of the battleships *Revenge* and *Royal Sovereign*. The two towers are each mounted on six huge bogies, which move on a 17-ft. double-gauge circular railway track 350 ft. in diameter. The bases of the towers are connected by a cross-girder to the central pivot, which is set deep in the ground. It will be possible, by means of an electronic predictor, for the mirror to point towards a chosen object as it moves through the heavens.

This is a fine example of British engineering skill to have been placed at the disposal of the country's most advanced astronomers.



A SMALL PROTOTYPE OF THE GIANT RADIO-TELESCOPE AT JODRELL BANK: The small telescope which is already in use gives some idea of what the much greater one will look like. Unlike the radio-telescope now under construction, the one shown here cannot revolve vertically and horizontally. The new telescope will be 100 times more powerful.

A LINER AGROUND IN A GALE : The Norwegian liner *Venus* (6,272 tons) lies on the rocks off Plymouth Sound. She had been driven there by a 70 m.p.h. gale which had caused her to drag her anchors. Tugs went out with tows to shift her but the liner was pounded by heavy seas for some days during attempts to refloat her. The *Venus* had arrived in Plymouth and disembarked 250 passengers from the Canaries. It was intended that she should embark 175 passengers for the return trip.

MISHAP AND SURVIVAL AT SEA

A Liner is Blown on the Rocks off Plymouth ; French Sailors Adrift in an Open Boat Survival Experiment

The 6,272-ton Norwegian liner *Venus* was a victim of the fierce gale which hit the south-west coast of England last week. She had arrived at Plymouth from Madeira and the Canaries, and disembarked her passengers. While waiting for her next party of passengers—for the return trip—she was anchored in the Sound, well inside the breakwater. But the force of the gale caused her to drag her anchors.

When the liner began to drift, Admiralty and civilian tugs went out to her and the Plymouth lifeboat stood by. Lines were got aboard the *Venus*, but for some days the tugs fought a losing battle against the wind and tides. Of the liner's crew of 145, 105 were brought ashore in the ship's boats, the remainder staying behind as a skeleton crew. During the refloating operations, a tug was so buffeted that it went on the rocks.

LIVING OFF THE SEA : Ten volunteers of the French Navy adrift in their rubber dinghy, off Brest, during a six-day experiment. Their purpose was to test theories that shipwrecked sailors can survive on a diet of raw fish, plankton and sea water.

In 1952 Dr. Alain Bombard spent sixty-five days crossing the Atlantic by raft. As a result of his experiences he propounded the view that the sea itself supplies sufficient nourishment for the survival of those adrift in open boats after shipwreck. Dr. Bombard believes that this is provided by raw fish, plankton (drifting animal and plant organisms) and that sea water can be drunk in far larger quantities than hitherto was thought possible.

Ten members of the French Navy recently volunteered to test these views. They were led by a lieut.-commander and their number included a medical officer. They were cast off in a rubber dinghy in the Brest Estuary in rough weather and proposed to remain adrift for six days. For four days their plan was to have a daily ration of four pints of sea water, and nothing more, apart from any fish which might be caught. On the fifth and sixth days rations were to be augmented by milk tablets and chocolate. At night some of these naval volunteers jumped into the water to test their resistance to cold.

THE CREW ARE BROUGHT ASHORE : The *Venus* has a crew of 145, of whom the bulk were taken off. Only a skeleton crew remained aboard, with the captain, Sverre Johnsen. Hundreds on shore watched the efforts to shift the liner, which is insured for over £1,000,000.

AN IMPRESSIVE MONUMENT TO BRITISH INDUSTRY: The British Petroleum Company's new refinery on the Isle of Grain, at the Mouth of the Thames, is being visited by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh next Tuesday. In the left foreground is the main cooling water pump house. Six million gallons of water can be drawn from the River Medway each hour and eventually returned to the river entirely free from oil. In the foreground is the Administration building.

THE ISLE OF GRAIN AWAITS THE QUEEN

Next Week Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh Visit the British Petroleum Company's Gigantic New Refinery in Kent

By L. M. BATES

THE visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to the Isle of Grain on next Tuesday, April 5 focuses attention on the Kent Oil Refinery. Since I described the preparatory stages in THE SPHERE in 1952, the refinery has risen from the Medway marsh, a vast and impressive monument to the faith and courage of its sponsors, the British Petroleum Company Limited.

The immense and seemingly purposeless litter of pipes, girders, plates and other material which I then described has merged into an orderly pattern, and the heart-breaking sea of mud has disappeared beneath smooth, wide roads, already being beautified by trees and shrubs. Construction problems, transport difficulties and the disastrous floods of 1953 have all been met and defeated. More than a year ago the Refinery went "on stream," and the plant when started worked according to plan—a triumph significant of modern man's ability to plan at least his scientific and mechanical achievements to perfection.

This generation has become well used to measurement figures which embody enough noughts to have scared the imaginations of our forefathers.

Even so, the quantities of material which went to the construction of the refinery are impressive: an army of some 8,000 men used 119,000 tons of steel, 14,000,000 bricks, 6,000 concrete piles, 37,000 tons of cement, 328,000 cubic feet of timber, and 900,000 cubic yards of sand; and some 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth were moved.

The refinery has faithfully followed the design described in my former notes. It has 600 miles of pipe-lines, 22 miles of roads and 5 miles of railway; and it covers an area of 686 acres. Its plant dominates the estuaries of the Thames and the Medway, and, from the point of view of passing mariners, always grateful for an unmistakable landmark, represents what is probably the most profound topographical change in the area since the construction of the Great Nore Tower early in the Second World War. The largest tankers—and tankers may in the not-distant future become the world's largest ships—can be accommodated at four of the refinery's seven jetties, the others being reserved for the discharge of smaller vessels or for the distribution of the refinery's products by coasters or inland-water transport.

We might well pause for a moment to look at these jetties, for they are not among the least achievements of the designers of the refinery. Besides the most up-to-date equipment for loading and discharging, they provide bunkering facilities, receive oil-contaminated water ballast (and thereby earn the blessing of seaside resorts and sea birds) and have the most effective plant for dealing with oil fires.

From this focal-point, to which some 4,000,000 tons of crude oil are delivered each year, the refinery's work begins. All the crude oil must pass through the distillation unit which, incidentally, is the largest in Europe. This unit provides straight-run benzine, naphtha, kerosene and gas oil, the residual product serving as feedstock for the vacuum units and as a fuel oil component.

Two vacuum units process further the heavy oil from the distillation unit. Each vacuum unit can deal with 850,000 tons a year and both provide feed-stock for further treatment either in the catalytic cracker or the lubricating oil plants. In the "cat cracker," feedstock from the vacuum units is converted into high-grade products, including premium-grade petrol.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT: A road tanker is filled at the loading area. There are nine overhead loading tanks, forty filling points for road tankers and six for rail tank wagons. The refinery's products are also carried by ships.

These processes, comprehensible only to the scientist and the professional "oil boiler," would be enough to puzzle Merlin himself; but there are other wonders—the SO2 Plant (a chemical symbol which recalls for the layman vague memories of an unpleasant atmosphere in the fifth-form laboratory), where smoke-producing components are removed from kerosene; spherical tanks for the storage of butane or bottled gas and looking as if their proper place were in the pages of space fiction; more orthodox-looking tanks, some of which, however, have floating roofs to prevent an accumulation of gas; a "treatment" area where the process known as "sweetening" is carried out; a vast lubricating-oil plant; and the refinery laboratory, specially designed to facilitate the work of the chemists and engineers engaged in both maintaining, and seeking new ways of improving, the efficiency of the processes.

Of no little importance to the refinery are the distributive facilities. In addition to the large quantities of products shipped away by water, there are ample means for loading products into road and rail transport for distribution.

The three planned stages of the refinery's development have been successfully completed. But there is no more restless seeker after perfection than the average oil man, and a fourth stage has just been completed—the provision of a platformer, a unit employing a platinum catalyst for producing high-grade motor spirit.

The basic fabric of the refinery, by which all the plant and equipment operate, can be summed up in these terms: a personnel, mostly recruited locally, of about 1,750; 15,000 kilowatts of power (enough to supply Eastbourne), generated by the refinery's own power station; 3,500,000 gallons of cooling water (rather more than the water consumption of Glasgow) drawn from the Medway each hour, and eventually returned to the river completely free from oil; and 600,000 lb. of steam an hour produced by the refinery's boilers.

The supply of cooling water is almost a story in itself. The Company built a new

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THE ISLE OF GRAIN AWAITS THE QUEEN

(Continued)

MODERN IN DESIGN AND MODERN IN FUNCTION: At first sight these giant globes might be taken for space ships planned for voyages to other planets. In fact they are Horton spheres or spherical tanks for the storage under pressure of butane or bottled gas and similar light products. Each tank is 38 ft. in diameter. There are six of these Horton spheres installed in the Isle of Grain refinery.

THE FURFURAL EXTRACTION
is in the Lubricating
pound made from

THE QUEEN WILL SEE AN UNMISTAKEABLE LANDMARK FOR ALL WHO VOYAGE IN THE THAMES: The refinery on the Isle of Grain is on the Kent coast at the Mouth of the river. Looking across the water the Essex coast lies to the north. This new enterprise of the British Petroleum Company has 600 miles of pipelines, twenty-two miles of roads and five miles of railway. In the left foreground is the Propane De-asphalting Unit, which works in combination with the de-asphalting tankage in the right foreground. Behind, on the left, is the power station with its three chimney stacks. It has five boilers, each with a capacity of 150,000 lb. an hour. Exhaust steam from the turbines is used for refinery purposes and a high-pressure evaporator plant has been installed for boiler feed purposes. To provide sufficient feed water for the boiler twelve high-pressure evaporators have been installed to evaporate fresh water obtained from local wells. Right, background, are the Vacuum Distillation Units and in the extreme right background is the Distillation Unit, which is the largest in Europe.

his is another apparatus with a futurist appearance. It It dissolves and separates by furfural (a chemical com- ır organic matter) unwanted constituents from the oil.

A PASTORAL SCENE WITH AN INDUSTRIAL BACKGROUND: Agricultural life, established for centuries on the Isle, continues in these industrial surroundings. Tending the flock are Mr. Lew Bloomfield, who has been a shepherd on the Isle for over thirty years, and his dog Maggie. By cropping the grass the sheep minimise the danger of wildfire.

A STOP VALVE IS OPERATED BELOW THE CATALYTIC CRACKER PLANT: In this process, vital to the production of high grade motor spirit, a finely powdered catalyst flows like a liquid through a system of tanks and pipes, mixing with oil vapours.

A 32,000-TON OIL TANKER: The Queen may see the *British Sailor* at one of the Kentish refinery's seven jetties. This ship is one of British Petroleum's giant tankers and represented the company at the Coronation Review at Spithead.

THE CENTRAL POWER CONTROL ROOM: A feature of the control desk is the mimic diagram which gives an immediate overall picture of the refinery's steam and power generation and utilisation. The Refinery's power station generates enough power to supply a town the size of Eastbourne.

THE STRENGTH AND BEAUTY OF INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY: This picture of the Catalytic Cracker Plant at night is a fitting study of the scientific achievement of the twentieth century. The result of this pulsating activity at the Isle of Grain Refinery is the production each year of hundreds of thousands of tons of oils.

THE ISLE OF GRAIN AWAITS THE QUEEN

(*Concluded from page 19*)

section of sea-wall to enclose a small natural bay as a reservoir capable of holding some 16,000,000 gallons. The reservoir can be filled by the tide through flap valves; but during periods of low tide the supply is augmented by the use of electric pumps. Each of three pumps can deal with 2,000,000 gallons of water an hour. The open concrete channel from the reservoir to the cooling-water pump house is about three-quarters of a mile long.

The results of all this urgent pulsating activity are as impressive as the various processes, for each year the refinery can produce 627,000 tons of motor spirit, 200,000 tons of aviation turbine fuel, 197,000 tons of kerosene, 282,000 tons of gas oils, 32,000 tons of motor diesel oil, 2,126,000 tons of fuel oils, and 126,000 tons of lubricating oils.

In my former notes I described how Mr. C. S. Cleverly, the general manager of the refinery, was "being built" into the works. He now controls production from a large new administrative block; and looking out over the bewildering backcloth of pipes, tanks, towers, chimneys and buildings, I felt that if ever a mortal had need of an omniscient magic eye it was he, and that statistics and production returns must indeed be a poor substitute for the occult powers of the less-able wizards of former times.

Other buildings include a fire station, medical centre and canteen. The maintenance and stores centre demonstrates that planned production is not in itself enough and that continuity must have equal thought devoted to it. In this block are the engineers' office, drawing and planning offices, machine tool shop, fitting shops, and blacksmith's shop.

True to the Company's original plans, the rural atmosphere of the Isle of Grain has not been greatly altered. Roads have been widened of necessity to take the volume of land transport engendered by the refinery's activities; but pains have been taken to avoid the creation of an "oil town." Instead of building its own housing estate, the Company has mainly relied on the co-operation of the local authorities, who are spreading the additional housing now necessary among neighbouring villages. Tact and consideration have been lavishly employed to cushion one of the most rural areas of Kent against the impact of one of the world's major industries.

Even within the refinery perimeter there is a touch of *rus in urbe*. It was an obvious precaution to keep the grass on land held for development short enough to avoid the dangers of wildfire; and the ingenuity of the Company's engineers was brought to bear on the problem. It was, however, eventually found that Nature had long ago provided an answer. So amid the strange beauty of great tanks and writhing pipes, the refinery shepherd and his dog, Maggie, watch their flock of sheep.

All this, and much more, will be the background for the Queen's visit. Her Majesty may see there the results of an earlier Royal occasion, for at one of the jetties the Company's tanker, the *British Princess*, launched by the Queen, when she was the Princess Elizabeth, at Sunderland in 1946, is expected to be berthed. At another of the refinery jetties will probably be one of the Company's giant tankers, the *British Sailor*, which represented British Petroleum at the Spithead Coronation Review.

The Queen has not long been on the Throne, but during her so-far brief reign profound changes have taken place in the industry and commerce of the Commonwealth and Empire. She may well feel that something of this transitional period as well as an implied promise for the future is typified by this new and vital undertaking on the ancient Isle of Grain.

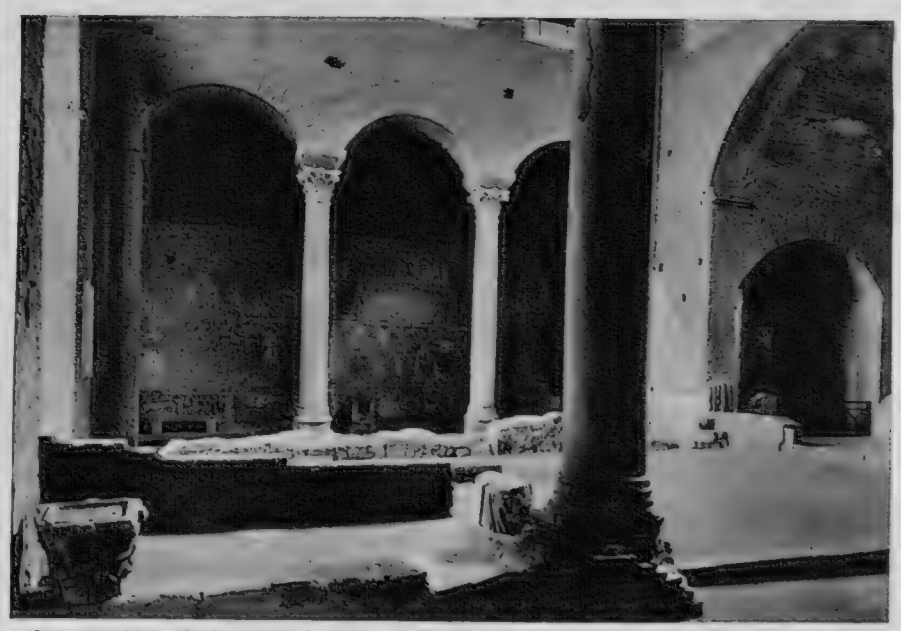
THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA ANTIQUA, IN ROME, WHERE EXCAVATION HAS BEEN RESUMED AND THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING EXTENSIVELY RESTORED: The ruins of this sixth-century church were discovered in 1900 during restoration work to the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, which had been built over it in the sixteenth century. This view, looking westwards from the Chapel of St. Julitta and St. Quiricus, where the first service in the church for about 1,000 years was held recently, shows some of the eighth-century frescoes which have been restored. Care has been taken to protect the frescoes from changes in the temperature.

EIGHTH-CENTURY FRESCOES RESTORED IN A ROMAN CHURCH

They Adorn the Church of Santa Maria Antiqua, which was Discovered in 1900, and where a Service has Recently Been Held for the First Time in 1,000 Years

After a lapse of 1,000 years a religious service has been held in the sixth-century church of Santa Maria Antiqua. It took place in the Chapel of St. Julitta and St. Quiricus which leads off from the triple nave and which, in turn, is divided by marble columns. The church was discovered during an extensive period of excavation in 1900, when excavators found the ruins of a splendid ecclesiastical edifice buried beneath the sixteenth-century church of St. Maria Liberatrice. Finely proportioned and with an apsidal recess at the end, it probably includes the remains of an ancient monumental building. Restoration work was soon put in hand and after the demolition of the later church a roof was erected over the entire ruins.

Recently, more work has been carried out on the site, particularly in connection with the frescoes which adorn the walls of the nave and chapels. First, the frescoes, some of which had deteriorated, had to be dried and this was achieved by creating an air chamber in the walls behind them. Later, they were transposed from the walls on to a canvas base. Particular attention has also been given to maintaining an even temperature in the building. The frescoes, which show marked traces of Byzantine influence, were executed by artists in the seventh-eighth centuries. The artists were probably inhabitants of the convent attached to the church, which had been granted to Greek monks who had sought sanctuary from the Byzantine Empire.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. JULITTA AND ST. QUIRICUS, AND THE NAVE: *Left*—The top fresco, which depicts the Crucifixion, shows our Lord in a sleeveless tunic. Below, is the Madonna enthroned, accompanied by St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Quiricus, and St. Julitta. On the left is Pope Zacharias, in whose pontificate the chapel was decorated by Theodotus, an official who is represented holding a model of the church. *Right*—Some of the best-preserved frescoes are seen on the far wall.

A LAND OF GREAT INDUSTRIAL POTENTIAL—THE COLD AND OFTEN DESOLATE STRETCHES OF CANADA'S NORTH-WEST: The snow-covered mountains of the Yukon tower over the Slim River's glacial stream, which feeds Lake Kluane, the largest body of water in the territory. In the foreground is seen the Alaska Highway. The harnessing of the waters of the Yukon will eventually produce the equivalent of 4,000,000 h.p. of electricity for the production of cobalt, nickel, iron and steel, and manganese alloy

DETAILED SURVEYS PREPARE FOR THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: A member of one of the survey parties engaged on the preparations for the Yukon River Hydro-electric Scheme is seen suspended from a cableway over the Alsek River. He is about to take a measurement in the water. This was the scene shortly before the great freeze-up last autumn. Despite the cold weather, however, the survey teams have been able to continue their work.

THE NEW WEALTH OF THE YUKON

In the Country of the Great Gold-rush, the Ground is Prepared for the 100,000,000-dollar Yukon River Hydro-electric Scheme

CANADIAN and American engineers, geologists and hydrographers have been at work in temperatures of 50 and 60 below zero these last months gathering information for use in a vast new industrial undertaking—the 100,000,000-dollar Yukon River Hydro-electric Scheme.

This great project entails reversing the head-waters of the mighty Yukon River, some 2,300 miles long. It flows across the desolation of northern British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska, to pour into the frozen Bering Sea opposite Siberia. In two years its head-waters will no longer flow north-westwards into Arctic waters but south-eastwards through a series of tunnels into the Pacific, providing in the process the equivalent of 4,000,000 h.p. of electric power for a major "smelter city" on Canada's side of her frontier with Alaska.

The water storage in the area to be "tapped" is second only in North America to that of the Great Lakes. By 1957 the rivers that span this immensity of mountains, glaciers, sub-Arctic forests and muskeg (frozen bog) will be providing power for an annual output of 1,500,000 lb. of cobalt, nearly 1,000,000 lb. of nickel, 120,000 tons of iron and steel and 23,000 tons of manganese alloy.

The great industrial and hydro-electric project is a Canadian-American undertaking, financed by the powerful Frobisher, Ventures and Quebec Metallurgical groups in Canada, and by Reynolds Metals, the important American aluminium manufacturers. It has the full backing of the Canadian Government.

Meanwhile, surveyors and hydrographers have been calculating valley areas and gradients, estimating the "melt-rate" of glaciers, and "mushing" by husky-dog team along frozen rivers, with equipment for measuring the flow of water swirling under the ice.

Much of the territory now being surveyed for dam sites, power-cables, smelter sites, power-stations and run-off tunnels, and linking roads, was only imperfectly known five years ago. Three years ago large areas had yet to be mapped.

To-day, after intensive work by surveyors of the Department of Northern Affairs in Ottawa and the Provincial Government of British Columbia, and by the Canadian and United States commercial interests behind the Yukon Scheme, engineers are all set to start blasting three water run-off tunnels through a range of 6,000 ft. mountains, building three power-stations, three dams across three valleys, and also the blast furnaces of Smelter City.

Smelter City will be situated on the left bank of Taku Inlet (on the coast of northern British Columbia

MAPPING THE WATERS OF THE YUKON : A scow is seen lying by the shore of Lake Le Barge, which flows into the Yukon River. Boats like this one are used by surveyors and hydrographers in the summer ; in the winter they use husky-dog teams and light aircraft.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER-STATION : Measuring the waters which will eventually be harnessed to provide electric power for Canada's North-West is one of the chief tasks of the survey teams in the Yukon. As can be seen, the survey has to continue despite the cold winter months. *Above*—A hydrographer is seen with a water-measurement meter mounted on a sledge. He tows this over the ice of the Yukon River. *On right*—A Yukon veteran reads a water-level gauge which indicates the rise and fall of Lake Atlin.

CAMPING ON THE TRAIL DURING A SURVEY : Mr. Montgomery Alford, a hydrographer, who comes from Plymouth, seen outside his tent during a Yukon River survey journey.

RECORDING THE FLOW OF WATER ON LAKE ATLIN : The water-recording instruments seen on the ice are visited at regular intervals throughout the winter by survey teams, who use aircraft fitted with skis. Particular attention is being paid by the hydrographers and surveyors to Lake Atlin, for it is planned to extend it into a catchment reservoir to hold the spring flood of the Yukon River. The lake is on the borders of northern British Columbia and Yukon Territory.

near the Alaska border) which offers deep-water entry from the Pacific. As more water becomes available, so production figures will increase until, by 1962, Smelter City will be producing upwards of 4,000,000 lb. of cobalt annually, 80,000,000 lb. of nickel and 210,000 tons of iron and steel.

In fact, it will be the largest industrial venture of its kind in the world, drawing mineral ores not only from Alaska, Canada and the United States, but from the Philippines, New Caledonia and South-East Asia.

But success depends on a constant flow of water, and surveyors of the Water Resources Board to the Department of Canadian Northern Affairs spent last winter taking flow measurements every 20 ft. along several hundred miles of the mighty Yukon. The ice of the Yukon is 6 or 7 ft. thick at this time of the year, and cutting through to the water can be such hard work that you perspire, even when last winter the temperature stood around 30 " below." Not infrequently ice chisels fail to " break through to water." After a few weeks of 50 " below " weather the shallower stretches were frozen to bedrock.

Thanks to the influence of the Gulf Stream, the coastal regions of this part of North America are comparatively mild : Smelter City will be open to shipping summer and winter. But in the interior, temperatures of 50 below zero are common and, with the shallower waterways frozen right through, water-flow is greatly reduced.

With the return of sub-Arctic spring in May, however, the rivers of the Yukon Watershed become torrents brown with sediment, in places roaring with immeasurable power : 200 men were drowned in the corkscrew swirl of Miles Canyon, Whitehorse, in one summer during the gold-rush to the Klondike in 1898.

The aim of the Yukon Scheme is to impound this flood in three large reservoirs, one in a valley near Whitehorse itself, one to the east in a valley with an Indian name (Teslin), and one away to the north of Whitehorse in the frozen country of the '98 gold-rush.

Hydrographers and surveyors engaged on the Yukon Scheme this last winter used the frozen surfaces of the rivers they are measuring as highways, travelling on snowshoes or by dog-team. In another month, when the ice " goes out," they will load their hydrometers into canoes and measure " summer-flow."

Three or four years ago the main topic of conversation in the Yukon was mining, with frequent reference to gold-rush characters like Jack London, Klondike Katy, and Dangerous Dan McGrew. To-day the emphasis is on the Yukon Hydro-electric Scheme. The groundwork was completed last autumn. The first charges of dynamite will be fired this summer. And in two years' time the first ships will be tying-up at Smelter City to load the first shipments from the new blast furnaces.

THE WOODS AND FARMLANDS OF CENTRAL SWEDEN STRETCH OUT FROM THE SIDES OF THE GREAT CANAL : A view of the Göta Canal from the rocky escarpment near the old spa town of Söderköping. This point is reached on the last day of the restful 60-hour journey along the Göta Canal, from Gothenburg to Stockholm.

CONTRETEMPS ON THE CANAL : At this narrow passage nea Mem, neither the steamer nor the old trading schoon would give way, causing the schooner to stick in the mi and a half-hour's altercation between the two captai

ON THE OLD PART OF THE CANAL : A typical lock on the Gr which the Scotsman Thomas Telford and the Swe Count von Platen built early in the nineteenth centu

THROUGH THE GÖTA CANAL

The Journey from Gothenburg to Stockholm Along Sweden's Great Waterway Gives the Tourist a Good Impression of the Country

By ERIC DE MARÉ

WHEN dreaming of holidays abroad, most people go south in search of the sun. They forget that the hours of light lengthen in the summer as you go north. Their dreams do not include the enchantment of that long and brilliant evening glow of Scandinavia which the Mediterranean, with its quick twilight, cannot provide.

Scandinavia has other pleasures, too—cleanliness, plenty of sunshine, without dust or sweat, well-run services, its own fresh landscape of birch, pine, lake and primeval granite and its indigenous traditions and culture which have not produced a heart-rending poverty. The North offers, in its own ways, as much of change and escape as the Latin lands.

If in the end you decide on Sweden for your holidays, and wish to gain a good general impression of the country as a whole—its scenery, its ancient buildings, its provincial life, as well as its capital, where as much as a seventh of the whole country's population is now gathered—then take one of those little white passenger-steamers which travel right across the country from Gothenburg to Stockholm. They sail through its most interesting, ancient, cultivated and typical provinces—up broad rivers, across great lakes and along winding, intimate tree-lined canals.

The journey, taking two-and-a-half days, is a beautiful and varied one. The steamers, though small, are cosy and comfortable, and the food aboard, including the inevitable and delectable *smörgåsbord* or *hors d'œuvres*, is excellent. The cost of the trip, which includes a berth in a double cabin and all meals, is about £15; a single deck cabin is somewhat more, but a berth in a three-bunk cabin is a trifle less. If funds do not allow a berth, you can take a deck passage and break the journey here and there, to see more of the sights than the through-journey allows, sleeping, perhaps, in some of those well-run and remarkably cheap youth hostels which have been established throughout the country. All information can be obtained from the Swedish Travel Bureau in Coventry Street, London, or from the Göta Canal Steamship Company, of Östra Larmgatan 8, Gothenburg.

The waterway is a link between the North Sea a the Baltic, popular among small-boat owners of sort, from canoeists to luxury yachtsmen; to them Göta Canal route can also be strongly recommend Small sailing-craft, which must, of course, possess auxiliary engine for the narrower navigations, will able to spread their canvas when crossing the lakes, and at the end of it all they can disport themselv ecstatically in the yachting paradise of the Baltic Se tideless and filled with thousands of small, and mo uninhabited, islands.

The Göta Canal is, in fa only a canal in parts, and t Göta Canal proper is that centra length of the navigation, runni between Lake Vänern and t Baltic, which was engine over a century ago by the gre Scottish builder of communi tions Thomas Telford (he g us the Menai Bridge). But to-d the name, Göta Canal, is gene ally applied to the whole na gable water-chain lying betwe Gothenburg, Sweden's sec city and main port on the we and Stockholm, the capital o the east. Only about 60 mi of the total length of 350 mi is man-made; the rest is riv lake and sea. At different pla along the canal, sixty-four l lift craft some 278 ft. above sea level and drop them again.

This is no journey of spe and super-luxury. It is rath slow, meandering, lazy—al infinitely soothing; an admirable voyage for those suffering fro frayed urban nerves.

One of the white steamers— *Diana, Ariadne, Astrea, Juno* or *Wilhelm Tham*—departs from Lilla Bommen quay, on the north side of Gothenburg, at nine o'clock in the morning on four days of the week from the end of May until the beginning o

PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE CANAL JOURNEY : One of the little white steamers which take passengers from Gothenburg to Stockholm is seen rounding a bend at evening in a wooded stretch beyond Borensberg. The journey, including a berth in a double cabin and meals, costs £15.

A POPULAR SUMMER PASSAGE FOR SMALL BOATS : The yacht wearing the Finnish flag points towards the great Lake Vänern, at Sjötorp, where the Göta Canal proper begins.

EARLY IN THE MORNING ON A SUMMER CRUISE : The steamer *Diana* navigates a narrow stretch of the Canal before entering Lake Viken early in the morning of the second day of the cruise from Gothenburg.

THE GÖTA RIVER : This broad stretch of water below Trollhättan is part of the Göta Älv, or River, the first of the many waters to be navigated on the Canal after leaving Gothenburg.

THE GRAND CANAL AT GOTHENBURG : Above it rises the square tower of the old Kristina Church. Adjoining it, beyond the bridge, is the Gothenburg Museum, originally the headquarters of the Swedish East India Company, which did much to establish the importance of the city of Gothenburg as a trading centre.

September. The journey can also be made in the reverse direction from Stockholm.

From Gothenburg you steam quietly up the wide Göta Älv, which is not unlike an English river in parts if we except the ubiquitous conifers and the granite outcrops. Between fertile fields and forests and occasional buildings—a white church, a bright Falu-red farmstead or some small factory deep in the country—you will pass a ship now and then, a noble, old timber schooner popping along on its Diesel, a surging oil-tanker or a Belgian vessel carrying zinc ore from the mines which lie to the north of Lake Vättern.

Then up the giant staircase of modern locks at Trollhättan, past the waterfall now trammelled through the turbines of Sweden's largest hydro-electric works, and a stop of two hours to explore the locality. On by way of the old Karlsgrav Canal, past Vänersborg, a pleasant small town founded by Queen Christina, and into great Lake Vänern, the third largest in Europe, all glittering now in the slanting sunlight.

Half-way across the lake you pass a promontory where the Baroque castle of Läckö raises its grand silhouette against the pale sky. At one o'clock in the morning (the skyline is still glowing) you have crossed the lake and arrive at the Sjötorp settlement, where Telford's picturesque cut begins. Here the ship climbs up a long series of locks worked by hand. You are probably in your bunk by now, soothed to sleep, rather than disturbed, by the gentle stirring of water and the quiet breathing of the steam-engine.

Breakfast is enjoyed on the narrow Lake Viken, and soon, on the far side of a strange tunnel of fir trees, you pass the old industrial village of Forsvik, with its bascule bridge, "English as an iron bedstead," as a Swedish writer has described it. Then across strange, long Vättern, the second in size of Sweden's 96,000 lakes —a mysterious cleft in the country's central ridge, so deep that the water at its bottom remains near freezing point throughout the year.

In the early afternoon the ship ties up at Vadstena, among the sleek yachts and the rugged trading schooners. This is the grand climax of the trip. Above the quay towers the Renaissance palace-cum-castle, with its moat and four round bastions, built by Sweden's King Hal, the energetic Gustav Vasa, founder of the Swedish State. You will have time to visit the place and also to walk along the lakeside park to see the monastery of Saint Bridget, with its famous Blue Church.

North along the lake shore to Motala, an industrial centre, famed to-day for its broadcasting station and engineering works, but no more than a hamlet at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Count von Platen, the moving spirit behind the construction of the Göta Canal, set up his headquarters and principal canal works here. Now you can stretch your legs again along the bosky towpath while the steamer is manœuvred down the dramatic staircase of locks into Lake Boren. Then through a pleasant cut on the far side of Boren to the Berg staircase of fifteen locks, where once more you can disembark to pay a visit to the delightful monastery church of Vreta, holding the tombs of ancient kings, before setting off across Lake Roxen.

In the early morning you are steaming past the idyllic small spa town of Söderkoping, with its tall, timber bell-tower and its rocky escarpment. At Mem the Canal ends and, beyond the ruined round tower of Stegeborg Castle, you are in the seas of the lovely Södermanland archipelago—an exhilarating contrast to the closed waters you have been navigating. Turning north, you enter the Södertalje Canal, an old, short waterway still busy with commercial craft. Finally, into Lake Mälaren, so studded with tree-filled islands that it is never seen as the great lake it really is.

At seven o'clock in the evening you pass through the water-gate of the capital, the giant steel arch of Västerbron. The sun is still warm and high, and it sends its rays to glitter a welcome from the three crowns of gold rising above Stockholm's fabulous town hall, romantic as a fairy-tale. In a few minutes you will descend the gang-plank on to the cobbles of the Old Town below the Wrangel Palace. New adventures will lie ahead in one of the most beautiful and least squalid capital cities in the world.

WHO ARE THE FAMOUS?

The Problem of Deciding Who is Worthy of Commemoration. What Makes a Historic Event Important, and how is Contemporary Personal Importance Obtained, and has it any Relation to Fame in Posterity?

By JOHN GORE

CENTENARIES AND FAME AND HOW THEY SOMETIMES TEST OUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.—A journalist in search of a subject of topical interest for an article turns eagerly at any time to the year's centenary celebrations. Sometimes he is rewarded with an apt and ready-made winner. But often he finds the list jejune within his limited knowledge, and is humiliated by his ignorance of the world's great men and vital events. Or perhaps he casts doubts on the man whose research drew up the list and is inclined to ask the Victorian host's aside to his parlourmaid: "Is this the *best* claret, Mary?", only to receive the answer, "The best you 've got, Sir."

So it was that I studied *The Times* list of centenaries for 1955, and I was shocked, as well as humiliated, by my ignorance of events judged of first-rate importance and of famous men and women deemed worthy of commemoration in our time a century or so after their deaths. There are about sixty commemorations in the list, and I was distressed to find that of more than half I was totally ignorant, and that I could not write the schoolboy's "three lines" about most of the rest.

I pass Miss Mitford, Dorothy Wordsworth, Charlotte Brontë, Pinero, Weyman, Latimer and Ridley, Samuel Rogers; some of them with reserve.

I grant the sack of Rome in 455, the Lisbon earthquake in 1755, as also the publication of Johnson's dictionary and the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. But, at the risk of conviction for total illiteracy, I hesitate to pronounce on the justice of including some of the following in the roll of world fame, taking care not to mention those among them of whom I have never so much as heard: Julius Hare, James Buckingham, Per Atterbom, Henry Bunner, William Ker, Thomas Tout, Soren Kierkegaard, Vorosmarty, Mickiewicz, Pascoli.

Now, I am not going to be drawn into international bitterness. Very few good poets (for instance) are remembered a century after their deaths outside their own country. I am quite sure there is better reason for the Hungarians and the Poles to remember Vorosmarty and Mickiewicz than for us in England to remember old Sam Rogers.

But I ask you, gentle reader, to take a half-sheet of paper and write *two* lines of what you know of those ten worthies.

What is the Criterion? If you cannot fill two lines about any one of them, then these questions arise:

1. Is a centenary mention the result of *selection* or merely an effort to fill a blank in a given month?
2. If it be the result of selection, is the standard of merit *global* or merely national?

I am not sure of the answer to the first question.

As to the second, clearly global merit and immortality are much too strict. Global immortality is restricted to a fraction of a fraction of a fraction in the roll of dead humanity.

We might pass Bonaparte and hesitate over Byron, pass Churchill and hesitate over Gladstone. Allow Vergil and Dante and boggle over Keats and Shelley. Pass Beethoven and cut out Wagner. But we should expect a mighty centenary celebration for every global border-line case *in his own country* or neighbour States.

Not that we always find, even among the intelligentsia, a 100 per cent. appreciation of the genius of their own famous men.

The man who asked: "What *are* Keats?" was a judge—and a good judge, too! And it was not always "little Tommy" (but even Sixth Form boys) who thought the pilgrimage of grace was something to do with cricket and the Midlothian campaign an incident of the wars of Dundee, Montrose or the Pretenders.

I have played paper games and general knowledge tests in the past in drawing-rooms full of statesmen and professors, and always I started those games in a panic, only to find that I was, after all, among my peers in abysmal ignorance of "common knowledge." When Dr. Johnson tripped up, he was brave enough to answer: "Pure ignorance, Madam." Indeed, it takes a big man to admit pure ignorance and a wise man to declare that Macaulay-like omniscience is of no more use than crossword education, and that the man who knows where to look up facts is much more likely to be right in the end than the memory wizard. But how often in our youth we have been cowed and humiliated by the man with a good memory, the "Every schoolboy knows" man.

The Problem for all Reference Book Editors.—The problem of deciding who is worthy of commemoration, of course, faces the editors of almost every personal book of reference, from *D.N.B.* to *Kelly's Directory*. The peerages work by rule of thumb; *Who's Who* is assisted by a few rules of qualification, by possession of the higher grades of orders.

But for *D.N.B.*, and the centenary compilers, it must be difficult indeed. If you take down a volume—any single volume—of *D.N.B.*, you can, with a little patience, find a number of persons who died or were born in 1855, and, if you are critical, you can set them beside those chosen for centenary notice and weigh their comparative merits. For instance, William Stowe, who died in 1855, was called "as great a war correspondent as Russell." And William Swanson, the Liverpool ornithologist, was famous in his day.

Why (you may cavil, if you are an ornithologist) drag in Julius Hare, the Archdeacon, and leave out Swanson? Or why give us Dorothy Wordsworth and reject William Stowe? Or, for that matter, why is Robert Montgomery, "a poetaster," to be preferred to Fox's staunch ally, Sir Robert Adair, who died "full of honours" in the same year, while Montgomery was "destined for oblivion"? And if you have time and patience to search through twenty more volumes of *D.N.B.*, you will surely find twenty other examples of "glaring" inconsistency or prejudice! Then the publications of 1855: *Westward Ho!*, *The Warden*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Maud*, *Hiawatha*—excellent. But why neglect Thackeray's fine output that year?

All of which, trivial and aimless as it is, suggests that centenary compilation is a very difficult job and a very controversial one.

WILL THEY ACHIEVE A CENTENARY?—THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE: Members of the Committee are seen at Burlington House, selecting paintings for the Summer Exhibition, opening on May 14. From left are Malcolm Osborne, R.A.; B. Fleetwood-Walker, A.R.A.; Gilbert Ledward, R.A.; Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A.; Frank Dobson, R.A.; Sir Edward Maufe, R.A.; Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A.; James Fitton, R.A.; John Skeaping, A.R.A.; Edward Le Bas, R.A., and A. R. Middleton Todd, R.A.

What is Fame?—The good books tell us that it is not what a man does but what he *is* on which his fame should rest. That is not the usual method of the reference books. If it were, it might multiply their swollen pages as likely as reducing them. Hitler and Mussolini *did* a lot and would qualify under either method. Gladstone might (strictly) be rejected on the first count. He was grander as a man than as a law-maker; as a doer, Edgar Wallace has a prior claim. (To disarm criticism from the gentle reader who jokes with dee-ficulty, or is an ardent Liberal, this is meant to be humorous and is neither very funny nor in good taste.)

You and I, whom fame and fortune have mysteriously eluded, are realistic enough to envy no man's contemporary fame. And when we read daily that popular feature of the old *Morning Post*, now carried on by the *Daily Telegraph*, we are gratified (and not envious) to recall that our birthday is still honoured by the same name or names which that date has carried for fifty years. This is for comfort. It throws a dart at Death and Time. Still, as in the Edwardian age, my own birthday is honoured by the names of an Irish peer and his twin brother (of whom not much is known to the world). The labour of the compiler of "To-day's Birthdays" is simplified by the rule: If you can't find a Winston, search for an "Honourable" in *Debrett*, the "Hons' cupboard."

That is in the grand old Tory tradition; it answers the prayer of Lord John Manners "to leave us still our old nobility."

What then is fame? What makes a historic event important, and how is contemporary personal importance obtained, and has it any relation to fame in posterity?

Historic Events.—It may be that the abolition of the Newspaper Tax in 1855 qualifies under the head of importance. But probably a score of unrecorded, unremembered happenings were supremely more earth-shattering. As, for instance, the first time a scientist watched the steam issuing from a kettle on his kitchen hob, the first time a primitive savage bowled a round or disc-like stone over the turf and found how easily it covered the ground. Or, idly rubbing two tinder sticks together, found them growing hot.

Hiroshima, Bikini, were very much planned and publicised dates, and certainly qualify for record in centenaries, but who shall judge the precise date for recording the inventions of the wheel or of fire or electricity?

As for personal contemporary fame, I have more than a suspicion that it is not always founded on merit, that (in one sense, at any rate) what a man does is of more importance than what he is or what *good* he does. The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, to immortality if they deserve it; but the little tin trumpets which they blew or were blown over them in their lifetime, which gave them contemporary fame, will they survive the Last Trump? It is surprising that they work so well for them in their lifetimes. The legend of Lawrence of Arabia is a topical and telling instance for citation.

For it is a "singular circumstance" how invariably to-day personal publicity persuades not only the common man in the street, but higher authority, that this or that self-trumpeter is indeed a star musician. The man who, in Parliament, literature, the Arts, journalism, or what not, is always in the news, signs all the letters to *The Times*, sits on the committees, is a constant study for the photographers and columnists, broadcasts and delights in speechifying and lecturing, that is the man for our money, that is the man worth reading, listening to and rewarding with honours.

Will he live in posterity, which never heard his voice or saw his Press photographs? I fancy he usually falls into line with the blurbed "best-seller" which sells 100,000 copies and then is utterly forgotten or relegated to a dusty shelf.

Brown, Jones or Robinson?—But perhaps my wish is father to my thought. Another look at *D.N.B.* reopens the doubt. "Old Parr" has a generous notice. He did nothing much in his long life but live, latterly with good publicity. And many a downright scoundrel is there who could not qualify as a British *worthy*, who (ethically) is not included there for what he was nor for the good he did.

Horatio Bottomley is generously noted, a master of self-advertisement and other expedients of fame and fortune.

There are living in my county to-day some "mute inglorious Miltons"—doctors, voluntary workers, probation officers and such—who, I am sure, on the qualifications of personal character and good deeds done, should displace Bottomley and even Old Parr. But we shall never hear of them, never read about them—unless there is a regular show-down when the Last Trump blows. And if they remain anonymous, how much more, gentle reader, will you and I!

We must comfort ourselves with philosophy and acknowledge the difficulties which face the recording angel and the editors of reference books and centenary lists.

Fame is a strumpet, which includes a trumpet in its make-up. And perhaps Kipling was right in dismissing success and failure as two impostors. And I dare say part of the charm and romance of *D.N.B.* and *Who's Who* is derived from the fact that Rhadamanthus is not too strict. He let in Dolly Mickleham on Samuel Carter's plea, because of his nostalgia for his hot youth when he got a whiff of her special scent on her handkerchief.

I began this article searching through *The Times* list of centenaries for 1955 for a subject of burning topical interest. All my labour has merely produced an article in very general terms.

How to be more specific? "And now abideth Brown, Jones and Robinson, these three, and the greatest of these is . . ."?

Not knowing, I can't say. I must search elsewhere for a subject. I dare say something earth-shaking will happen in the next few weeks which will give me a subject more burning and more topical than a potted biography of Robinson, Jones or Brown, whose long sleep in the limbo I have no right or reason to disturb.

Restoration at St. Paul's

Work Goes Ahead on the Restoration of the Bomb-damaged Cathedral, where the Appeal for £400,000 has been Attained

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL BEGINS TO REGAIN ITS FORMER GLORY: One of the ceilings in the South Transept, which has been repaired and redecorated after damage by blast during the bombing of the City of London in 1940 and 1941.

In October last year the St. Paul's Cathedral Campaign was inaugurated to raise £400,000 for urgent building and restoration work, and a continuing annual additional income of £20,000. The first of these two objectives has been attained and rebuilding work can now be carried through to a complete and satisfactory conclusion. Already, some parts of the Cathedral have been fully restored, but much work still remains in the North and South Transepts and at the East End, where the foundations are being prepared for the new High Altar and Apse Chapel. Plans for the restoration of the Chapter House in St. Paul's Churchyard, have also been agreed, and work will be started in the near future. In addition to the damage caused by bombing, shortage of materials and funds since 1939 have made it impossible to keep pace with the cleaning of the stonework; the repair of roof timbers and the replacement of worn-out furnishings. This work alone is expected to cost at least £90,000.

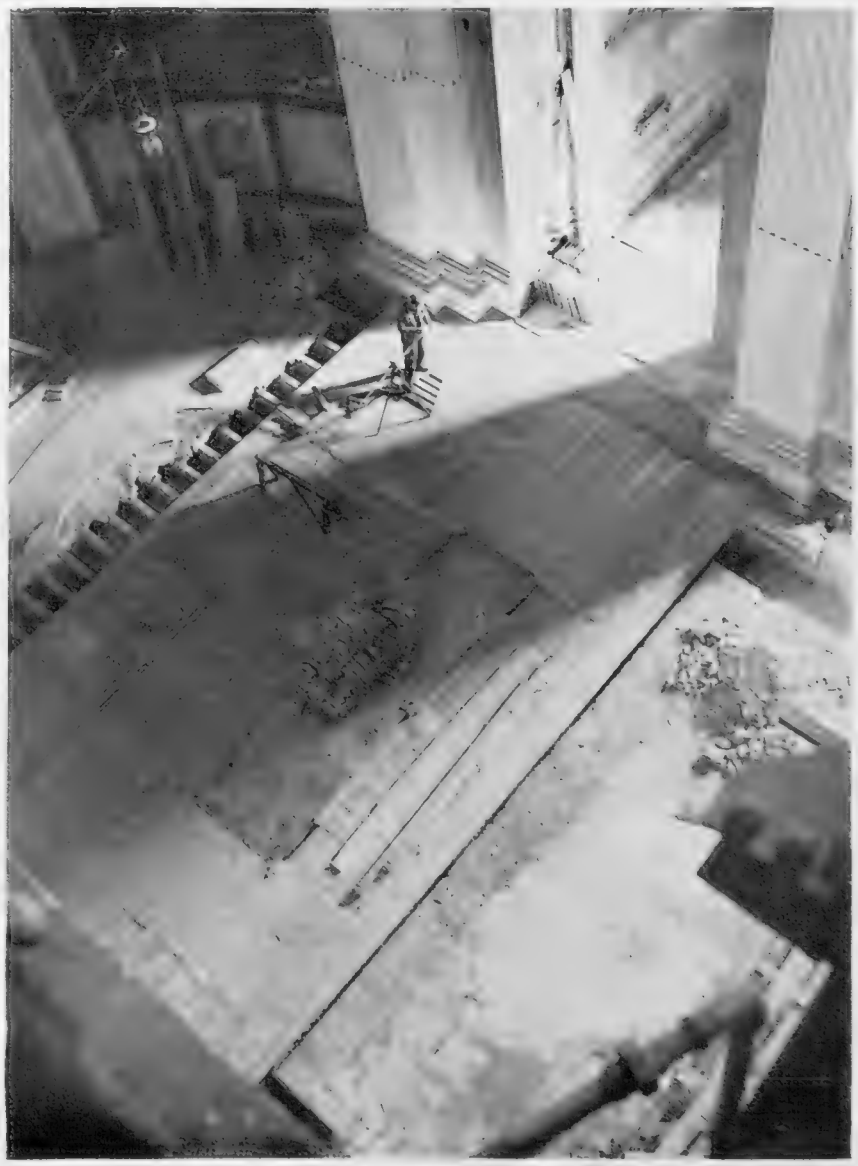
THE SCAFFOLDING GOES UP: This is being erected to carry out repairs and decoration in the South Transept. The serious state of the fabric can be judged by the marks on the ceiling.

On left—

STONEMASONS REPAIRING THE DAMAGED STONE-WORK IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT: This part of the Cathedral was wrecked by a high-explosive bomb in April 1941. The ceiling was destroyed and falling masonry crashed through the pavement into the crypt below. *Bottom left—* A workman is seen repairing the damage to one of the beams of the north-east roof.

On right—

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEW HIGH ALTAR: The first part of the foundations are complete. The new High Altar, with a baldachino over it, will be a memorial to members of the Commonwealth forces who fell in the two World Wars. Its design follows Wren's original conception for the east end. The baldachino will be in oak, and will stand centrally beneath the coffered arch which separates the apse from the eastern bay of the choir. The new altar will stand at a slightly lower level than the former altar, which was destroyed by bombs in 1940. Behind the altar the Apse Chapel will be furnished as a memorial to 28,000 Americans who died during the war while operating from Britain.



A WIN FOR THE BEGUM AGA KHAN IN THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP : The scene at the finish as Military Court, nearer the camera, beat Harry Lime, the middle of the three leading horses, to the winning post. In third place was Three Star II, on the far side on the rails.

For E. Mercer, this year's Lincolnshire Handicap was the repetition of an earlier triumph, for it was in the Lincoln of 1947, when he rode the 100—1 outsider, Jockey Treble, to victory, that he first came into prominence. In a field of twenty-nine, the smallest since the war, Military Court was drawn eleven. Riding in this rather unfavourable position, Mercer bided his time, and not until Harry Lime, which came second, had taken the lead, did Military Court begin moving up. Mercer brought Military Court steadily up to challenge Harry Lime and passed him as they went into the final furlong. The winner was trained by H. Wragg.

On left—
LEADING IN THE WINNER : Military Court, with E. Mercer up, is led in after the 1955 Lincolnshire Handicap.

The Home News in Pictures

The LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP

AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

AN AMERICAN EVANGELIST IN SCOTLAND : Mr. Billy Graham speaks at the Kelvin Hall, in Glasgow, on the second night of his six-weeks "All-Scotland Crusade." The hall was filled with an estimated attendance of 15,000 people. As a result of this particular rally, 403 people were reported to have responded to Mr. Graham's appeal to "give themselves to Christ." This evangelist's "Greater London Campaign" last year attracted considerable attention. Mr. Graham's sincerity is undoubted. But whether he is making any lasting theological impact upon contemporary societies may be justifiably questioned by those familiar with the history of religions.

AWARDED FOR SPEED : Lord Brabazon, the President of the Royal Aero Club, presents the de Havilland Trophy to Lieutenant J. [illegible] bury, R.N., at the Club's headquarters in London. The de Ha[illegible] Trophy is presented for fastest flight of the year. Lieutenant Overbury [illegible] the cup when he set [illegible] record by flying from [illegible] to Amsterdam in a [illegible] over 23 mins. in a Ha[illegible] Sea Hawk naval jet [illegible]

On left—
THE MINISTER OF LA[illegible] INSPECTS SAFETY C[illegible] ING : Sir Walter Mon[illegible] takes a close look at a thi[illegible] foil suit designed to p[illegible] its wearer against radia[illegible] Sir Walter had just o[illegible] the Industrial Health Safety Centre, in Horse[illegible] Road, Westminster. [illegible] centre is a permanent ex[illegible] tion of methods for promo[illegible] health and safety in [illegible]

A NEW SALVAGE VESSEL FOR THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY : A view of the new vessel, *Yantlet*, moored at Tower Pier. *Above on left*—The Master, Captain Edward Spice (left), and Captain James Edwards, Chief Salvage Officer of the P.L.A., standing by the ship's 30-ton electric-hydraulic winch. The *Yantlet* was built by William Simons and Company, of Renfrew, to replace an older vessel of the same name. The new ship is over 144 ft. in length and is 32 ft. across the beam. The sturdy construction of the ship, which has a riveted hull, and her up-to-date equipment make her ideally suited for the task which she is to perform. The main equipment is the 30-ton winch, a twin electric 3¾-ton warping and cable capstan and a 3-ton electric stern winch. Loads of up to 120 tons can be raised over the bows, and heavy bollards are fitted for side lifts. Pumping, compressed air and fire-fighting equipment is also carried. The deck-house contains accommodation for six officers in single-berth cabins, and below this are well-appointed crew quarters.

On right—

EASTBOURNE PREPARES TO FIGHT FLOODS: Preliminary work on the construction of sea defences is seen in progress on the front near the Wish Tower. Eastbourne, like many other seaside resorts on the south and east coasts, is still engaged in building sea defences to prevent a repetition of the disaster which occurred during 1953. The Corporation are planning to spend some £15,000 on flood precautions.

A **"RUBBERNECK ISLAND" ON THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT**: This "Pavement Superintendents' Observation Post" has been erected by a firm of contractors on a building site near Vauxhall. It performs the dual task of giving the navvy watching section of the community a bird's-eye view of work in progress and keeping them out of the way of the workmen. The idea has been imported from the United States, where such stands are known as "Rubberneck Islands."

A NEW ROYAL MINT IS BEING PLANNED : A view of the present building at Tower Hill, which was completed in 1811. The recent decision to rebuild the Mint was announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Plans are now being prepared by the Ministry of Works and the London County Council. The Royal Fine Arts Commission are to be consulted on the design.

THE RESTORATION OF STAPLE INN NEARS COMPLETION : Part of the former Inn of Chancery, as the scaffolding is removed to show the restorers' work. The half-timbered façade of Staple Inn, in Holborn, escaped damage during the war, but the sixteenth-century Hall, which stood on the site at the left, was destroyed by a flying bomb in August 1944, when many of the surrounding chambers were damaged. The rebuilding work will have cost £200,000 when finally completed.

TRAINING THE ARMY'S HORSEMEN

The Royal Army Veterinary Corps Gives Instruction in Horsemanship and in the Care of the Animals at its Training Centre in Leicestershire

On right—

RIDING INSTRUCTION : Officers and other ranks receiving a riding lesson from an instructor at the Royal Army Veterinary Corps' training centre at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire. They come from widely different regiments in the Army, and are attending one of the six-months equitation courses held at the centre. Other instruction at Melton Mowbray is available for farriers, saddlers, and for trainers of guard dogs.

AN ANATOMY CLASS : Instruction is given on the anatomy of the horse's foot by means of a specimen and the blackboard. Melton Mowbray is also a training centre for soldiers of the Veterinary Corps who will join mounted units to help with the care of the animals.

These pictures from the training establishment and depot of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps at Melton Mowbray provide a useful reminder that, despite the Army's preoccupation with nuclear warfare, something is still being done for the horse and for training horsemen. Horses are now used for ceremonial purposes by the Household Cavalry and the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. There is a mounted unit of the Royal Army Service Corps which gives training in the use of horses, mules and other pack transport ; and the Royal Military Police at Aldershot use some horses for traffic control. Before 1946 the training of horsemen was done on a regimental basis, the Veterinary Corps being responsible for training men skilled in the care of the animals. Now the centre at Melton Mowbray gives instruction to officers and other ranks of all regiments. The main role of the Corps to-day, however, is not connected with horses at all, but with dogs. It is responsible for the training and care of the animals in Army Guard Dog Units throughout the world. Dogs have proved themselves on patrol in Korea and Malaya, and guard military bases in Germany, North Africa, and the Middle and Far East.

HOLDING THE REINS : An instructor gives hints on how to hold the reins. Most of the recruits are National Servicemen.

HORSE MANAGEMENT : A young horse is exercised by an officer student at Melton Mowbray. The Veterinary Corps is now responsible for the training of all Army horsemen.

MODERN EQUIPMENT IS USED : An X-ray of a horse's hoof is taken for later use in instruction in the classroom. Veterinary surgeons are attached to all mounted units.

SOLDIERS AT THE ANVIL : Under the eyes of an instructor, students are seen carrying out practice work at the anvil. It takes a recruit some three months to complete his training in horsemanship and management. Some may themselves go on to become assistant instructors at the Melton Mowbray school.

THE MERCHANT NAVY FACES ATOMIC WAR

Officers and Men are Being Trained in Defence Against Atomic Attack on Merchant Ships at a Series of Courses at Various Centres in Britain

Merchant Navy defence courses have been revised in the light of increased knowledge of the effects of nuclear weapons and other warlike techniques. Originally instituted in 1938, the courses, after a brief interval, were revived in 1951 at centres in London, Glasgow, Cardiff, Newcastle, Liverpool, Southampton and Hull. The object of the courses, which are of two weeks duration, is to inform masters, officers and men of the Merchant Navy of the measures that would be taken in time of war for their protection by the Royal Navy, and of the steps which they can take themselves.

The wide range of subjects covered in the officers' course includes Trade Protection, Convoy Work, Communications and Radar, Defence against Submarines and Mines, Atomic, Biological and Chemical Protection, Damage Control, Fire-Fighting, and the principles of Gun Control. The men's course includes A.B.C. Protection, Damage Control and Fire-Fighting, a large proportion of the course being devoted to gunnery.

The subject-matter of the courses is constantly under review, in order that it should be kept in step with current policy in merchant ship protection. The A.B.C. Defence and Fire-Fighting Sessions have been recently extended. Instruction is given on the hazards to be faced on the fringe of an atomic explosion at sea and on measures that can be adopted before the event to reduce damage and casualties to a minimum. This is followed by detailed Damage Control, incorporating first-aid repairs to ships, and techniques to keep them afloat and moving after they have been damaged in action. A new lecture incorporating the latest medical research has been introduced to deal with survival at sea.

EXPLAINING THE EFFECTS OF A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION: Instruction is given to Merchant Navy students in H.M.S. *President*, in London, on action to be taken by a convoy in the event of a nuclear explosion at sea.

INSTRUCTION IN PRACTICAL GUNNERY AT SHEERNESS: Members of the Merchant Navy on the gunnery course are seen manning Bofors guns firing on an attacking aircraft at the Royal Navy's anti-aircraft range at Barton's Point, Sheerness. *On left*—The deck hand of a New Zealand merchant ship is seen looking through the gyro-gunsight of a light anti-aircraft gun as he follows the course of an on-coming aircraft during instruction. The gunnery course is part of the Admiralty's instruction for officers and men of the Merchant Navy in the latest techniques of defence.

HOW TO DETECT GAS VAPOUR: Lieut.-Commander N. F. Keene, Royal Navy, shows a class in H.M.S. *President* how to use the pocket gas-vapour detection unit. Since 1951, some 12,400 Merchant Navy officers and men have received instruction.

THE MERCHANT SHIP'S MOST CONSISTENT STAND-BY: A gunnery instructor of the Royal Navy explains a Bofors to a class at Sheerness. Already most merchant ships built to-day incorporate strengthened deck-space to take guns in the event of emergency.

GENEVA, NEW MODELS, AND ROADS

Comments on the New Models Seen, and Discussed, at the Geneva Motor Show; and Items of Interest for Motorists on Britain's Roads

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

BRITAIN was well represented at the Geneva Motor Show, but our car manufacturers did not use the occasion to introduce any new models. Rumours that a new Standard Vanguard was on its way were given official confirmation during the Swiss Exhibition, but the big news came from the Fiat Company, who announced their new "600" rear-engined, four-seat saloon.

This new Fiat, which replaces the famous 500-cc. two-seater Topolino ("Little Mouse"), is likely to offer formidable competition in the Continental markets to Britain's baby cars—the Ford Anglia and Prefect, Morris Minor, Austin Seven and Standard Eight.

It is not a particularly handsome car, but I think the Fiat Company have produced an outstanding engineering job, and the performance and fuel economy claimed by the makers—a top speed of more than 60 m.p.h. and 45–50 m.p.g.—will appeal to motorists in Continental countries.

The 633-cc. 4-cylinder engine is water-cooled, there are two doors, and the rear mounting of the engine makes possible independent suspension on all four wheels. There is a four-speed gear-box.

This is the first rear-engined Fiat. Three of the leading Continental car firms in three different countries—Volkswagen, Renault and Fiat—are now in mass production with small rear-engined cars, while British manufacturers continue to fight shy of this design formula.

They are not, of course, blind to the advantages of putting the engine at the back, and they are also aware of the drawbacks. They know, too, that the kind of car which is popular in Europe may not necessarily appeal in other export markets. They cannot afford to tool up for separate models for different markets.

Great interest was also shown at Geneva in a new small sports car introduced by Mercedes—the 2-litre, 112 m.p.h. 190 SL. It is the first small sports car marketed by the German firm for thirty years, and will be a rival to Britain's Austin-Healeys, Triumph TR.2s, Jaguars and M.G.s in the world export markets.

The overhead camshaft engine has a capacity of 1,897 cc. and develops 105 b.h.p. at 5,700 r.p.m. There is a four-speed gear-box, and the car has a top speed of 90 m.p.h. in third gear. Each wheel is independently sprung.

News of the new Vanguard was given by Mr. Edward Grinham, deputy managing director of the Standard Motor Company. He stated at Geneva that it will probably be ready for this year's London Motor Show. There is just a chance, I understand, that it might be seen at the Paris Salon earlier in October.

The new Vanguard will have an entirely new body but will retain the well-tried 2-litre engine used in the present Vanguard. Standards are working on a system of automatic transmission, but I don't think it will be ready for the new Vanguard, although it might be incorporated later on. The new model will be lighter and faster. Its lines will be more sleek than the present Vanguard, but will continue to be a practical six-seater. Since the Vanguard was put into production nearly eight years ago more than 250,000 have been built.

Armstrong-Siddeley Motors have just introduced a limousine version of their 3½-litre Sapphire. With it they hope to regain their old traditional place in the limousine field. Compared with the saloon, the new model has a wheelbase 19 ins. longer. It takes seven people: two in the front seat, three in the back and two on occasional seats behind the glass partition.

The price is £2,706 19s., including £796 19s. purchase tax. It is fitted with an electrically-operated pre-selector gear-box.

Britain's motor trade has come out strongly against the proposal, in the Road Traffic Bill, for official Ministry of Transport testing stations for the compulsory annual inspection of all motor vehicles to see if they are roadworthy.

The Bill originally proposed tests by either official inspectors or at authorised garages. Amendments made in the Committee stage of the Bill's consideration have deleted the reference to examination by the motor trade. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders considers that the present idea for a multiplicity of official Government testing stations is "unworkable and unjustified." It opposes the idea on the grounds of cost and the inevitable increase in the number of Civil Servants.

Much better, says the Society, to have the "spot checks" out on the open road suggested by Lord Lucas in an amendment to the Bill. Goods vehicles are already subject to this treatment. If found to be in an unfit state, their use can be prohibited until the defects have been remedied.

"This is surely a very much better approach to the admittedly difficult problem of seeing that all vehicles on the road are in a roadworthy condition," says the S.M.M.T. "The fact that spot checks may be made at any time should be a very much greater deterrent to those who do not keep their vehicles in a roadworthy condition.

"If inspections are made once a year, say, in State testing stations, the only effect would be that on a certain day in the year it could be shown that a vehicle was in a roadworthy condition. It might cease to be roadworthy within twenty-four hours of the test and remain so for the rest of the year."

The Society may have something there, as they say, but the idea does savour a little of snooping. What about the inconvenience that could be caused if a motorist were stopped while he was hurrying to an important business conference or social engagement? How long would these spot checks take? And would they cause further congestion on our already crowded roads?

A new drive to get better roads for Britain was launched the other day when the new and influential Roads Campaign Council announced its programme. It considers that £750,000,000 must be spent to give Britain the road system it urgently needs and that an annual expenditure rate of £45,000,000 a year must be reached as soon as possible.

Mr. Wilfred Andrews, chairman of the R.A.C., and the new Campaign Council, said, at the Council's inaugural Press Conference, that the Government's recently-announced Four Year Plan—which still remains only a paper proposal—was hopelessly inadequate. Although it provides for an authorisation of an expenditure of £147,000,000 in the next four years, the *actual* expenditure in that period was likely to be, at best, £97,000,000. The Council wants Britain's road problems to be tackled by a National Highways Authority which would have powers to raise public loans to finance the suggested £750,000,000 construction programme. Spread over thirty years, maximum annual repayments would be £45,000,000.

A few days earlier, at a lunch organised by the Asphalt Roads Association, Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, had frankly admitted that an efficient system of motorways was a necessity of modern society. The Government's road plan was of vital importance, he said. No major road works had been carried out in Britain for sixteen or seventeen years and the arrears had reached alarming proportions.

THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY LIMOUSINE VERSION OF THEIR 3½-LITRE SAPPHIRE: The engine and chassis and general equipment are similar to the Sapphire saloon, but the wheelbase is increased from 9 ft. 6 ins. to 11 ft. 1 ins., with modifications to the suspension and other parts. There is room for two or three persons on the back seat; two occasional seats form a bench seat when in the open position.

MOTOR SPORT MEMBER: The badge for R.A.C.'s Motor Sport Section which is open to all past and present holders of competition licences.

Ministerial talk of this kind has become so familiar since the war that, as year succeeds year with nothing done, words lose their meaning. Road users would be more impressed if there was more action and less talk.

The Royal Automobile Club has introduced a new form of membership. It is the Motor Sport Section open to all past and present holders of competition licences. Apart from the cost of the competition licence itself (10s. National, 30s. International), the membership fee will be the same—£2 2s.—as for the ordinary Associate Section and will confer all its benefits.

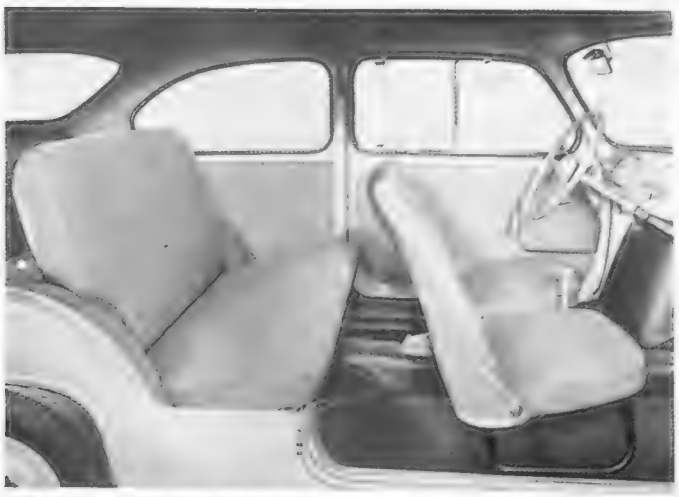
Stirling Moss, Britain's champion racing driver—who recently drove an Austin-Healey Hundred (aided by Lance Macklin) into sixth place in the big twelve-hour sports car race at Sebring, Florida—has accepted an invitation by the R.A.C. to become its first Motor Sport member. Moss, and all who come after, will be entitled to display on their cars a specially-designed badge which will cost them a guinea.

The R.A.C.'s international rally was a big success and a real test of driving and—especially—navigation. Snow and ice made the going extremely difficult, especially in Wales, and there were many retirements. Few of the surviving cars were free from damage when they limped into Hastings for the final test.

There were a number of criticisms among competitors regarding the organisation of the event. The routes were a bit complicated, the timing apparatus was not always satisfactory, map references and directions were sometimes unfair to the foreign competitors—and so on. The R.A.C. will doubtless note these points and try to improve things next year.

The Standard Motor Company scored a notable success in the Rally, taking the first three places in the general classification and also the team prize. Standard Tens finished first and third and ran off with the team award. And a Triumph TR.2 came in second. Outright winner was Jimmy Ray, an experienced Rally driver from St. Helens, Lancashire. He was the first to pay tribute to the contribution made by his navigator, Brian Harrocks, a Wallasey bank clerk.

Congratulations, too, to Miss Sheila Van Damm, who won the ladies' prize in a Sunbeam. Following her similar success in the Monte Carlo Rally, Sheila is well in the lead for the 1955 Women's European Rally Championship—a title she brilliantly won for Britain—and the Rootes Group—last year.



THE FIRST REAR-ENGINED FIAT: Views of the interior and exterior of the Fiat "600" four-seat saloon, which made its debut at the Geneva Motor Show. The engine, clutch, gear-box and final drive of the "600" are mounted as a single unit at the rear of the car. It is the first small four-seat car to be entirely designed and built in Italy. The rear seat folds forward to allow more space for luggage.

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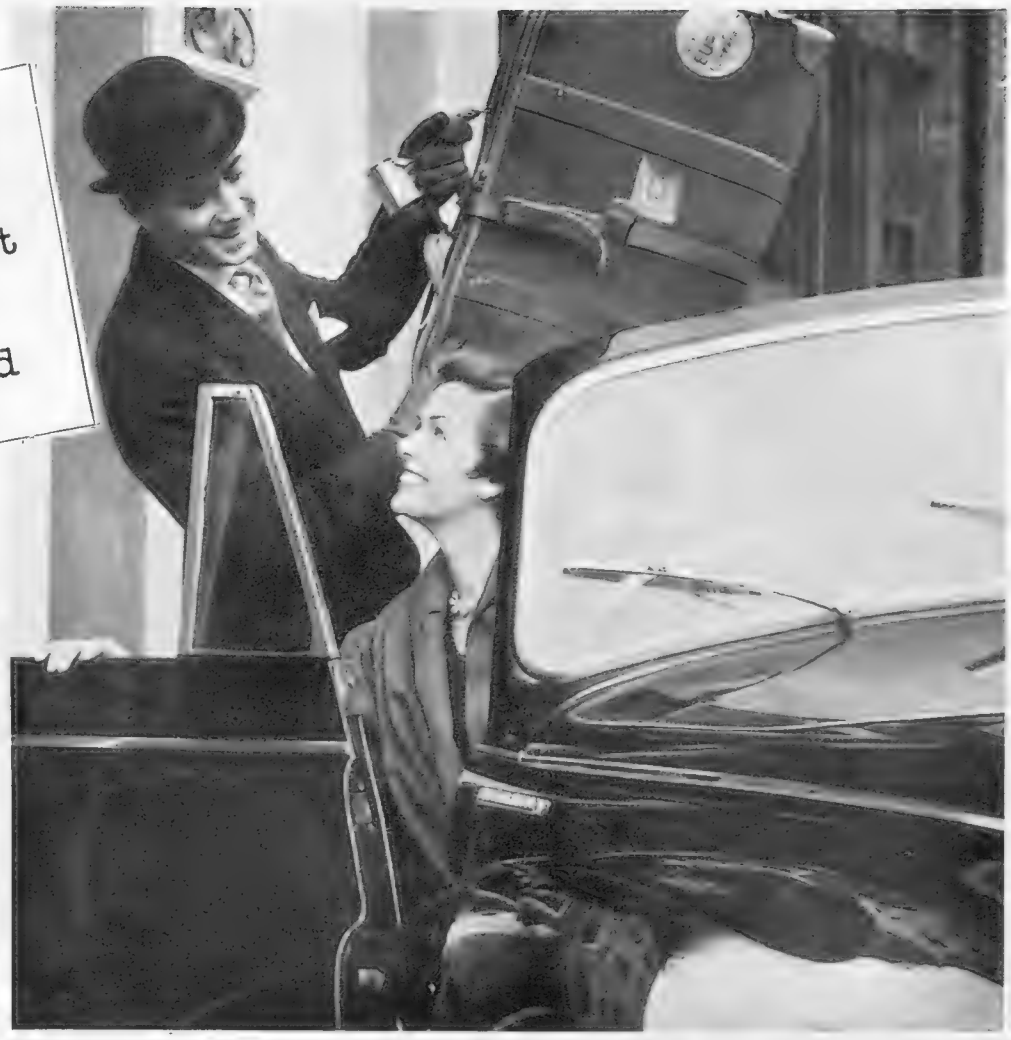

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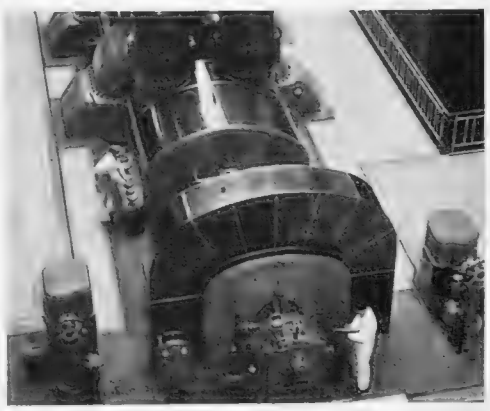

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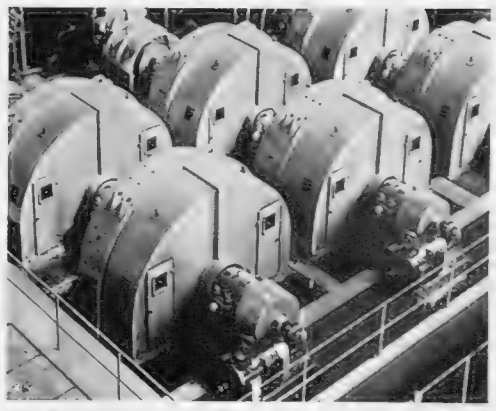

POWER IN INDUSTRY ENGLISH ELECTRIC *motors drive a cold strip mill in a South Wales steel works producing steel plate for car bodies.*

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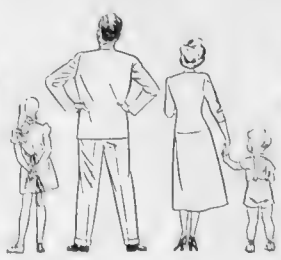

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The World of Books

KARAGEORGEVITCH TESTAMENT

Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia Tells His Story; Francis Toye's "Rossini" in a New Edition; Adventures on Sea and Land in War and Peace

KING ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA was shot dead in Marseilles in 1934 during a State visit to France. One of the major results of the assassin's bullets was to place an eleven-year-old boy on the Yugoslav throne. This child is now the thirty-two-year-old ex-King Peter, who has written an interesting book of reminiscences in A KING'S HERITAGE (Cassell. 25s.).

The former monarch is a Karageorgevitch. The family of Kara (Black) George carried on a murderous feud during the last century with the Obrenovitch dynasty for the Serbian throne and eventually emerged victorious. Something of the tenacious spirit of his ancestors has helped ex-King Peter through all the trials and tribulations, both of monarchy and of exile. He evokes our sympathy by his straightforward recounting of them. The Tito–Mihailovitch struggle for supremacy in war-torn Yugoslavia was for him a great personal tragedy. The Balkans were the last strongholds in Europe of the principle of Absolute Monarchy. It is therefore not surprising to find from these pages that ex-King Peter is out of tune with world events. The attitude of divine right is not expressed in so many words, but the feeling is there. For this monarch the only hope for Yugoslavia seems to lie in the restoration of his dynasty. These are natural enough thoughts, and this is a moving autobiography of a courageous young man.

When Francis Toye first published his life of Rossini he declared, "To the best of my belief there is no demand whatever for a life of Rossini in English." But he guessed rightly when he hinted that supply might create demand, for so it has turned out. Now Mr. Toye's ROSSINI, which was first published in 1934, appears in a new edition (Arthur Barker. 16s.). The author declares that things have gone so well for Rossini in the past twenty years that he now doubts if he could risk the intentionally provocative assertion which opened the original preface.

Judgment upon Rossini has been modified by more than one great musician. He has a distinguished place in nineteenth-century music, and Mr. Toye has in no small measure helped to assess that place. This is a gay biography of the composer who wrote *The Barber of Seville*, and it shows clearly that Rossini was not the cynical wag of popular imagination. He was a generous, public-spirited man. Beyond question he understood the human voice as few others have understood it.

William James's *Naval History of Great Britain* has always been a great delight, with its tales of battles, single-ship actions, notable sieges from the sea, and cutting-out expeditions fought in the days of Duncan, Hood, Howe, St. Vincent, Bridport and Nelson. Rather in the same tradition are some of the narratives now beginning to be assembled regarding irregular and irregular naval activities in the Second World War. A. V. Sellwood, with the help of Ulrich Mohr, has certainly compiled one of the best of them in his new book, ATLANTIS (Werner Laurie. 15s.).

Atlantis was the innocent-looking German merchant ship which roamed the seas for 655 days, taking a deadly toll of Allied shipping, capturing valuable cargo and secret documents, until she herself was sunk by H.M.S. *Devonshire*. As boarding officer, Ulrich Mohr, a wartime sailor in the German Navy, made use of unrivalled opportunities to photograph incidents, and many of his excellent pictures accompany this exciting account of commerce-raiding. This is more than a story of false decks, phoney funnels and German sailors disguised alternately as Commissars and geisha girls. It belongs to a great tradition, and one dear to the hearts of seamen, whatever their nationality. The ever-present hint of piracy is quite irresistible.

Even when *Atlantis* was sunk, the adventures of her crew were by no means over. They were rescued, only to be sunk once again, and their hazardous journey home, via a relay system of German submarines, is perhaps the most fantastic story of them all.

In 1806 Abraham Bristow discovered a group of islands to the South of New Zealand on the Antarctic fringe. He called them the Lord Auckland Group. Later their name was shortened to the Auckland Islands. They came into the limelight during the Second World War, when they were used by German surface raiders, and it was then that the New Zealand Government decided to keep observers on these lonely shores. How these hardy folk occupied their time when their eyes were not glued upon the sea is well told by Allan W. Eden in his book, ISLANDS OF DESPAIR (Andrew Melrose. 16s.). He also relates something of the Islands' history—tales of shipwreck and of the tribulations of seamen cast ashore. Mr. Eden has done an excellent piece of research, not least in his observations of the natural life of the islands.

The spirit of adventure is very much alive in Sweden these days. Tord Wallström, a young Swedish journalist, recently had a great longing to see Central America. He set about doing so in the most realistic way. He decided to walk through Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. He got off a train at Tapachula, in the most southerly province of Mexico, and walked over the Guatemalan frontier. He certainly walked into some weird and wonderful adventures. A WAYFARER IN CENTRAL AMERICA (Arthur Barker. 16s.) is a tale of modern vagabonding. It is supremely well told. At journey's end I had developed an admiration for this youth with an insatiable desire to know about the world around him.

The marathon wartime autobiography of Rémy, begun in *Silent Company* and continued in *Courage and Fear*, is now carried a further stage in PORTRAIT OF A SPY (Arthur Barker. 15s.). Rémy has described how, after managing to escape from France to England in June 1940, he returned, to try to pick up information, in the following August. It was then that he built up a great intelligence network which was soon functioning like a well-run business concern. It had a regular two-way air and sea service between England and France, which carried information, money, war material and men. How these agents, who operated so long and so effectively, came to be arrested is described in these closely detailed and often exciting pages. The atmosphere of wartime France emerges most strongly, even though Rémy's writing is sometimes overloaded with facts. *Portrait of a Spy* seems to bring Rémy's wartime experiences to an end. But, who knows, he may yet double back on the tracks of those Gestapo fellows!

THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: The famous Danish writer of fairy-tales, who was born in Odense on April 2, 1805. The small house in which he was born is now a museum. Celebrations are taking place this week-end in Denmark in connection with the anniversary. This picture was taken in the rooms at Nyhavn, in Copenhagen, which Hans Andersen rented in his old age.

The attitude of man in many parts of the world towards defenceless creatures, not to mention his evil actions towards his own kind and his greedy destruction of the resources nature has provided, arouse the ire of Harry R. Lillie. He writes with a lyric simplicity about man's inhumanity to man and to the world around him. THE PATH THROUGH PENGUIN CITY (Ernest Benn. 25s.) is a most movingly-written book. Dr. Lillie dwells, in particular, on the evils of the whaling industry. He has witnessed many times the death agonies of these creatures in Antarctic waters, and he asks us to concentrate upon less callous ways of killing for profit. In particular, he advocates the electric harpoon as a substitute for the explosive version of that weapon. What a day it will be, says Dr. Lillie, when we realise all creatures are equal and man has a right to live only so long as he recognises the rights of others. This is a most important book. I am not sure in my own mind that the author's values are beyond criticism, but even when he is least realistic he makes his points nobly. The world is a little less ugly because he has set his thoughts down on paper.

The name of Vincent Sheean will always be remembered upon both sides of the Atlantic because it fell to his lot to be the spokesman of the United States Government when it had to tell the world, at first in guarded tone and then, later, with a brutal frankness, what had happened at Pearl Harbour. That Mr. Sheean should have been the chosen voice, is an indication of his standing. He is a writer of varying moods, but always a writer of integrity. I enjoyed his magnificent historical novel, *The Story of San Felice*, in which he told of the birth and death of the ill-starred Parthenopian Republic in Naples. And now here we find him in a new and quite different novel. LILY (Cassell. 9s. 6d.) is a woman of beauty and brains. She is a modern product of the United States, very intelligent, much married, suitably wealthy, and never until now the victim of a passionate love with all its delights and its miseries.

It is Lily Soames's fate to meet and become hopelessly entangled with a Spaniard of aristocratic origins and revolutionary tendencies. Lily is quite lost in this new world, so different to the cold composed world of her earlier wedded life. The dénouement is highly dramatic, but what fascinates me about this novel is the extraordinary manner in which the whole pattern of a woman's all-too-well-ordered days is changed overnight. Mr. Sheean has never written with more insight.

Georgette Heyer's BATH TANGLE (Heinemann 12s. 6d.) is a novel set in eighteenth-century Bath and it records the lives of two young women, one the daughter of a well-known peer and the other a woman, a few years younger, who is her step-mother. We follow these two ladies of high Society through various romantic situations obviously both destined to sort themselves out into marriage. Georgette Heyer is quite an adept at this sort of novel—she has written twenty-one or more of them—but this is a slight book, and one feels that the tyranny of the circulating library has much to do with such productions.

George Blake, whose work is well known to SPHERE readers, does not wholly desert his beloved Firth of Clyde in his new novel, THE INNOCENCE WITHIN (Collins. 12s. 6d.). But he asks us to journey far, both in time and distance, as we follow the fortunes of Jimsy Bell, in Ceylon, Hollywood and New England, before he eventually returns his young hero to the place of his birth. This is a simple but admirable tale, and it possesses both style and rhythm.

Another remarkable novel is THE FOOL KILLER (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.), by Helen Eustis. It is the story of an orphan in the post Civil War world of America. It is bound up entirely with the physical and emotional life of a boy plunged into chaotic times and yet learning to live by way of slowly and painfully acquired knowledge. Miss Eustis is a superb writer. Her ability to create suspense is not the least of her great qualities.

The series of novels of to-morrow now being published under the general editorship of Miss Clemence Dane deserves high commendation. Science fiction was popularised by Jules Verne and H. G. Wells in their respective periods. Now stories of the future are enjoying a new vogue. Messrs. Michael Joseph are to be congratulated on the way in which they are catering for the discriminating reader in this form of literature. In THE YEAR OF THE COMET (12s. 6d.), John Christopher foresees a world split not into states and kingdoms, but into business groups. The hero is a scientist with a secret which will give supreme control to any group possessing knowledge of it. From these exciting foundations Mr. Christopher builds up a grand story.

THE BRIGHT PHŒNIX (12s. 6d. net), by Harold Mead, is the tale of a Utopia gone wrong in an age long after atomic war has destroyed our civilisation. The State has become more and more tyrannical, and all who defy it are liable to a process of "reconditioning" which robs them of their personalities. I do not propose to rob you of the pleasures you will derive from this book by telling you too much, except to say that the narrator is a young explorer who finds that the girl he loves has been reconditioned. Now read on . . . .

Richard Edmonds

A SOUVENIR FROM THE ANTARCTIC: Peter Scott, on behalf of the Dickens House, headquarters in London of the Dickens Fellowship, accepts a tattered copy of *David Copperfield* which had accompanied his father's expedition to the Antarctic in 1910-13. Seen with Peter Scott are Sir Raymond Priestley (left) and Surgeon Commander G. Murray Levick, two members of the expedition who, at the presentation ceremony, spoke of the useful purpose which the book had served as reading matter during the Antarctic winter. After changing hands on several occasions, the copy of *David Copperfield* was finally discovered by the Auckland Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, who presented it to the Dickens House in London.

THE BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR, 1955, *recalling the events of* 1954, *is published by Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd.: the price, according to binding, is from* 4 *guineas. One of the main changes this year is the introduction of comprehensive tables (e.g., for Agriculture, Communications and Education) to provide quickly in comparative form world statistics which were formerly contained in statistical sections at the end of the national articles.*

In **OPERA BIOGRAPHIES** (Werner Laurie. 18s.), *Gladys Davidson records the biographical details of many great personalities in the history of opera. The artists, arranged in alphabetical order, include such names as Kirsten Flagstadt, Kathleen Ferrier, Melba and Richard Tauber. There are several illustrations.*

The two latest additions to the Beaufort Library are Volume IV, **INTRODUCTION TO MOUNTAINEERING,** *by Showell Styles: and Volume V,* **INTRODUCTION TO THE ART OF COARSE-FISHING,** *by H. G. C. Claypoole. Both books, which are illustrated, are published by* Seeley, Service *at* 15s.

SCUM OF THE EARTH (Collins with Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), *by Arthur Koestler, is a reprint of his classic piece of last-war literature. The author has written a preface for this new edition.*

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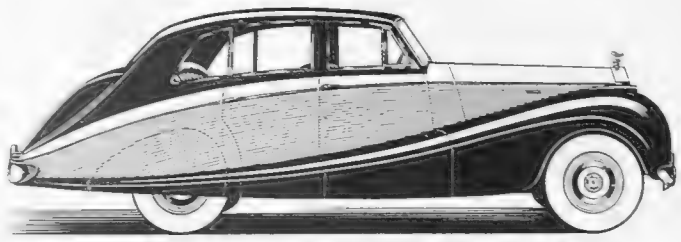

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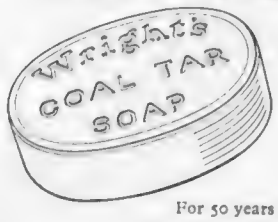

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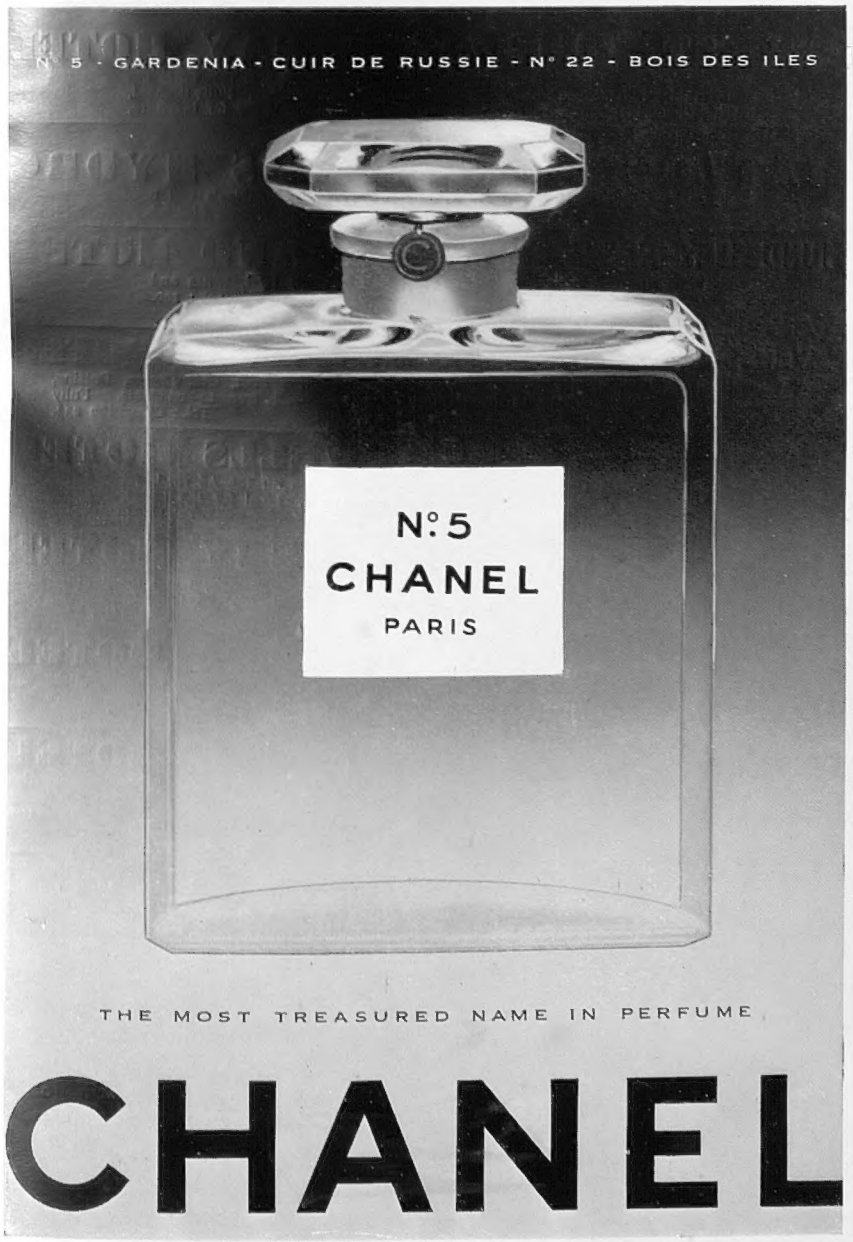

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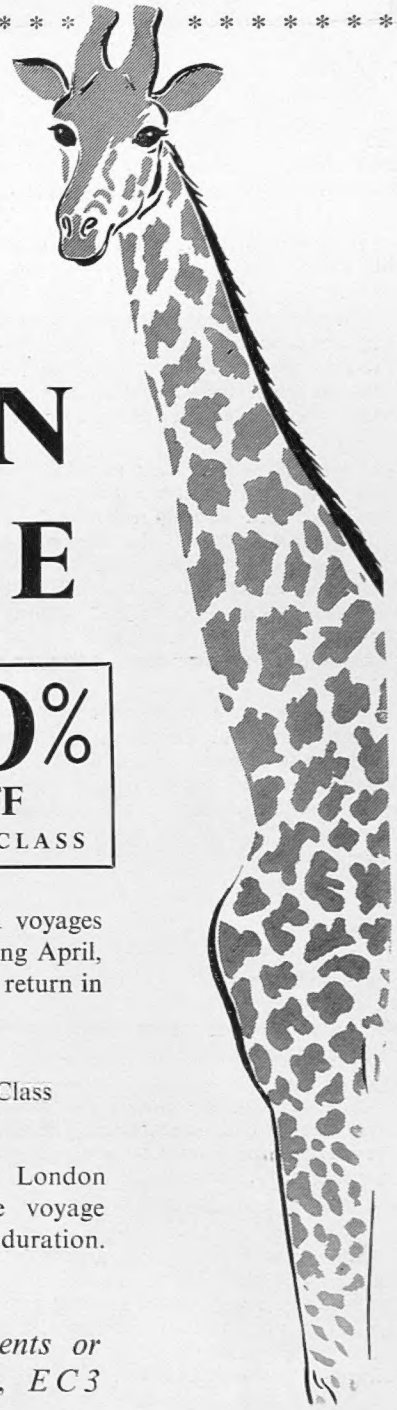

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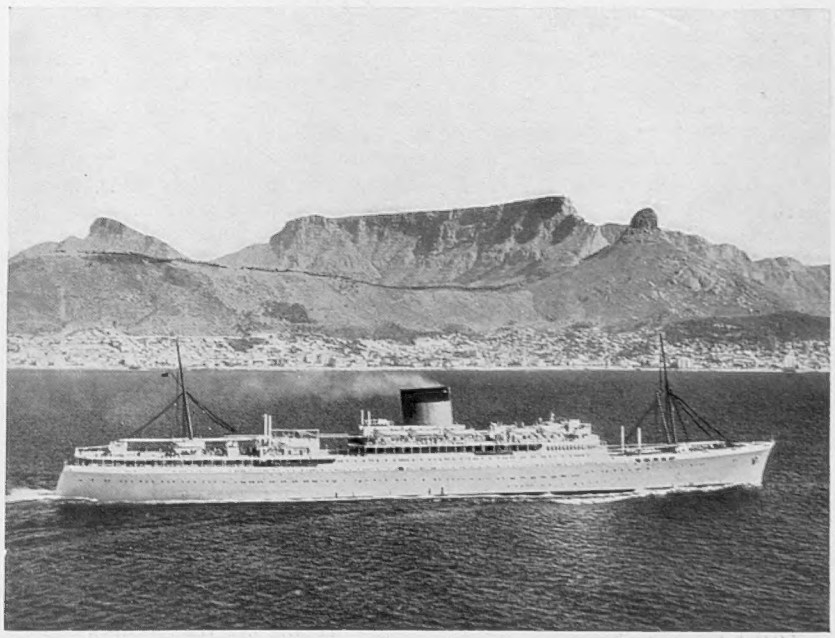

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"KEEP straight on until you reach The Green Man and then turn right." Such were the instructions from our friends on how to reach their house. How lost we would be in Britain if we had not the inns and their colourful signs to act as directional landmarks. To many it is their club as well as their pub, where, in a friendly environment, there can be free discussions on affairs parochial, national and international.

It is from a touring and a holiday angle that the inn is in my thoughts this week.

On the Roseland Peninsula of South Cornwall you will find, in the neighbourhood of Veryan, the fishing village of Portloe. There, on the water's edge, is The Lugger, and those who know it, I am sure will agree with me that for situation, friendly environment and beautifully-cooked meals, this *petite* hotel cannot be bettered.

Cornwall is a county in which one expects to find quaintness, so come with me to Mousehole (pronounced Mousle), just three miles west of Penzance, and having negotiated its narrow street, we will make for the Lobster Pot. Up a tiny stairway a restaurant opens out on to a terrace jutting out on to a tiny fishing harbour. Here lovers of good food and wine flock from many miles around, and the principal bait is, of course, sea food, according to season. What is not so generally known, however, is that the Lobster Pot has limited accommodation, as well as a lien on several spick-and-span fishermen's cottages close by.

Now for a genuine old-world inn. Given a car to reach near-by Fowey, Looe and Polperro, The Punch Bowl at Lanreath looms well into the mental picture. Looking for a four-poster bed? They have several. Seeking a room with private bathroom, or a self-contained suite? Mine hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Atkinson, will oblige. And as a contrast to modern thought in comfort, one can enjoy the social occasions of the village and district, ranging from darts to campanology, in the several old-world bars.

What an important part the British inn plays in not only attracting, but impressing the visitor from overseas. Maybe you will be called upon this coming spring and summer to entertain some of our overseas guests, so it may be helpful if I were to name certain inns which would impress, not only on account of their age but because of the food, comfort and friendliness that they afford.

Inn or roadside hotel, the nomenclature matters not, so let us first note The Royal Anchor at Liphook, on the Portsmouth Road, which, forty-five miles from London, makes a pleasant run out on a summer day, or, preferably, for a night, when our overseas visitor can better appreciate the bedroom of Queen Victoria, Nelson or some other illustrious personage.

Last year I discovered an inn whose roots go right back to the time of Alfred the Great, for Wedmore, in Somerset, where The George stands, was the scene of King Alfred signing peace with the Danes in A.D. 878. Though the inn was not then in existence, it is closely linked with Wedmore's famous church. Certainly visitors to this country will be fascinated by its old cellar bar and skittle alley.

In Herefordshire, eight miles west of Leominster, I shall direct the overseas tourist to The New Inn at Pembridge. The very name intrigues, for like many other "New" inns, this Pembridge inn, with its fascinating black-and-white front, is extraordinarily old, and since Mr. and Mrs. Eric Bettington took over they have carefully and lovingly merited our support on the score of eye attraction as well as good fare.

Of our smaller inns The Lamb, at Burford, in the Cotswolds, is well worth the few yards detour off the Oxford–Cheltenham road, and travelling northward, The White Hart at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, claims our attention. Not only is it a convenient half-way house between north and south, east and west, but, as well as old-worldness, all its twelve bedrooms have private bathrooms and self-controlled radio.

No organisation in this country has a more varied collection of inns and hotels than the Trust House Organisation, and I always carry in my car the latest booklet of their houses. It can be obtained free of charge from their London Information Bureau, 81, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Among their many hotels which particularly appeal to overseas visitors, I cite The Old England Hotel at Bowness-on-Windermere, The Angel at Guildford, in Surrey, the Star Inn at Alfriston, in Sussex, and The Angel and Royal Hotel at Grantham—one of only three remaining medieval hostelries in the kingdom. It was here, in the dining-room, that Richard III signed the Duke of Buckingham's death-warrant.

Other booklets which can be had for the asking are the Swallow Hotels brochure (mostly in Durham and Northumberland), issued by the Hotels Department of Vaux and Associated Breweries, Sunderland; the booklet covering the Usher hotels (mostly in the Thames Valley and Wiltshire) and published by Ushers Brewery, Trowbridge, Wilts; the list of the Catering Houses issued by Catering Houses, Ltd., 28, Commercial Road, Guildford, Surrey; and a booklet listing and describing the Simonds Hotels which range from Pangbourne, on the Thames, to Plymouth, in Devon.

ABERDOUR, FIFE. WOODSIDE HOTEL
On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand: Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel: Aberdour 8.

BATH. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
Distinctively individual, with an appeal to all, irrespective of age. Standing in own beautiful grounds. Every comfort. Rooms with private bath. Delightful cocktail bar and grill room. Lift. Garage. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: 5891.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA. THE BERESFORD
Science may progress, but Nature still provides Thanet with the healthiest air in Britain. So come for a tonic at this fine hotel, private sea promenade, dancing, tennis and squash. Renowned for courtesy and cuisine. Tel.: Thanet 41345.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
A.A. 5 Star. Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts. Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel.: 6560.

DUBLIN. THE GRESHAM HOTEL
offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radios, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write S. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

FALMOUTH. FALMOUTH HOTEL
A fine anchorage for an early holiday with its sunny sea aspect, spring flowers, lift (ground floor bedroom if need be), and high standards of catering and comfort. Write to R. J. S. Fields, outlining your requirements. Tel.: 761.

HONITON, S. DEVON. DEER PARK HOTEL
Offers entertainment for all ages over 14. Trout fishing, Squash, Tennis, Putting. Excellent food, vintage cellar, Jersey herd, home farm produce. Terms 11–15 gns. inclusive, except Fishing, 5s. daily extra. No dogs. Tel.: 64.

JERSEY, C.I. BOULEY BAY. WATERS EDGE HOTEL
offers you that unsophisticated holiday you may have long been seeking with Continental Cuisine and Service, and every form of holiday delight. Write now for our coloured Brochure which gives many interesting details. Quote ref.: A.C.

JERSEY, C.I. ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
Britain's farthest south, facing sands and a shimmering sea, this hotel has everything in its favour for an early summer or autumn holiday. Fully licensed, Nightly dinner-dances. Write for brochure.

A perfect holiday in sunshine or shower at
MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
in the heart of Lovely Derbyshire. The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to The Manager, Smedley's Hydro, Matlock.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, Norfolk. GRAND HOTEL
Fine sands, bracing air, plenty of sunshine. Good food, wines and service. Open Whitsun to October. Tel.: 190.
(Under same direction—MANOR HOTEL, MUNDESLEY.)

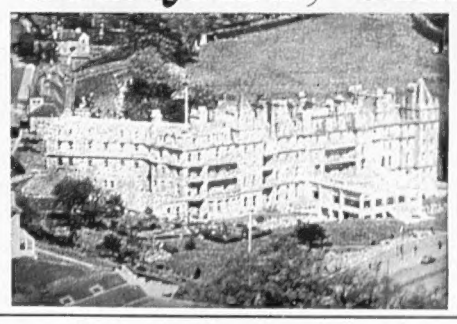
RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Heated Swimming Pool, Golf Course, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV—all free to residents. Fully inclusive terms 34s. 6d. to 55s. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

SHAP, Westmorland. SHAP WELLS HOTEL
For first-class comfort and catering, this welcome haven off the A6 road, set in woodland, bracken and heather cannot be bettered. Ideal for the Lakes, or for breaking your journey North. Tel.: 204.

SHERBORNE, DORSET. THE DIGBY HOTEL
A favourite "half-way house" between London and the West; Birmingham and the South. A first-class base, too, for exploring the Hardy country. Fully licensed. Quietly positioned close to the Abbey Church. Tel.: 23.

ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS. THE SPA HOTEL
Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of parkland. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards, Bowls—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure. Weybridge 1190.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL

For your Spring and Summer holidays
Facing full South, overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.
Write O. R. Paul.
Tel.: 2234.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A Good SHORT STORY

Trilby

Ninth in "Britannia and EVE's" series of condensed classics is George du Maurier's tale of a girl, a genius and a tragic love

SHE first appeared to them as a "strange figure framed by the gloom of the little ante-chamber" to the studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris in the late fifties of the last century.

"It was the figure of a very tall and fully-developed young female, clad in the grey overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps . . ."

So Trilby O'Ferrall, who "bore herself with easy, unembarrassed grace as one who has lived much in the atmosphere of French studios, and feels at home in it."

In the studio this fine, sunny, showery day in April were the three occupants—Taffy, a Yorkshireman, a big, young man, fair with kind but choleric blue eyes and immense drooping, auburn whiskers of the kind that used to be called "Piccadilly weepers"; the Laird, who painted successful pictures, his pipe ever in his mouth—usually reversed, so that "the ashes spilled all over his trousers, where holes were often burned"; and the third, "Little Billee," whose "almost girlish purity of mind amused and charmed his companions, who did all they could to preserve it, even in the Quartier Latin, where purity is apt to go bad if it be kept too long."

There, too, that April day were two others: the one "a tall, bony individual with thick, heavy black hair that fell behind his ears on to his shoulders in that musician-like way so offensive to the normal Englishman," and bold, brilliant black eyes; the other, a swarthy little man with soft, affectionate, brown eyes like a King Charles spaniel. These were Svengali and Gecko, who "made music together divinely . . ."

. . . . *you must finish reading "Trilby" in the APRIL issue of* Britannia and EVE. *There's so much more to delight and entertain—for instance, Greta Lamb tells us that "Men Know Best," Michael Sherard sums up the Paris and London Collections, Elizabeth Hay contributes her gardening feature, Gwen Robyns writes on Motoring from the woman's angle and Michael Sheridan gives his Furnishing Recipe for Small Rooms. Beauty, Knitting, Cookery, House-planning . . . all in the April issue of* Britannia and EVE.

Elusive Husband

OF the three de Brise children, Claudine was now the most cherished, the most pampered, watched-over and guarded.

After the fall of her sister, Elise, and the disgrace of her brother, Pierre, Claudine was now the only hope left to *Maman*, the others having defeated her plans for them, only to suffer accordingly.

Elise, older than Claudine by eight years, had married unsuitably and been flung back upon *Maman* two years later and was now become a pale, tireless handmaid to the de Brise family.

Pierre, the middle child and only son, who was to have followed his father into respectable industry, had defied *Maman* by going, most unexpectedly, to Hollywood.

"Of Pierre we no longer speak!" *Maman* had cried stonily when his escape was first discovered. And both Elise and Papa de Brise had been compelled to a reluctant admiration of her strength in this terrible moment of her defeat.

So now there was only Claudine, who was nineteen and with her red-gold hair and creamy skin was of a beauty indescribable. To her fell the lot of rectifying the shortcomings of her recalcitrant brother and sister.

Maman's plans for her were ambitious. She was to have the careful education in such arts as *cuisine, dècor, ouvrage à fleurs* and *conversation*. After that, she would make a brilliant marriage . . .

. . . Meanwhile, *Maman's* thoughts were racing along on more practical lines. An Englishman? with no money? no title? Here was catastrophe—unless she acted quickly . . .

. . . "He loves me," she said simply, "and I him. But his mamma has already the campaign for him."

"So?" said *Maman* with interest.

Claudine nodded miserably. "He is to marry a rich miss in England. I am not rich enough, not . . ." she shrugged expressively, ". . . suitable. Alas, she is truly formidable, this mamma of Georges'." . . .

"*Elusive Husband*," *written by Marjorie Stace, appears in the April issue of* Britannia and EVE *with three more short stories that are equally intriguing. In addition, there is a special TEN-PAGE Spring Fashion Section—the most exciting and inviting ideas for clothes and accessories chosen from the Paris and London Collections. Yes, indeed, there's a wealth of entertainment and information in the April issue of* Britannia and EVE . . . *you'll be so glad you bought it!*

Easter
FOR HOLIDAY READING

Britannia and Eve

NOW on sale at your regular bookstall or newsagent

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

LONDON'S SOHO: *by A. R. Thomson, R.A.*

They've the world to choose from in Soho

SOHO is probably the most cosmopolitan area in the world, a vortex of the exotic and the mundane. It is a place of world wanderers, where strange yet tempting foods and romantic wines give ease to their nostalgia for their homelands.

Yet here, with the world to choose from, wanderer, exile, and London-born citizen give an especially warm welcome to the little red Brooke Bond van. Pushing its way through thronged narrow streets to grocers and food suppliers of all nationalities, it is a symbol of one of the pleasures of the British way of life.

* * *

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